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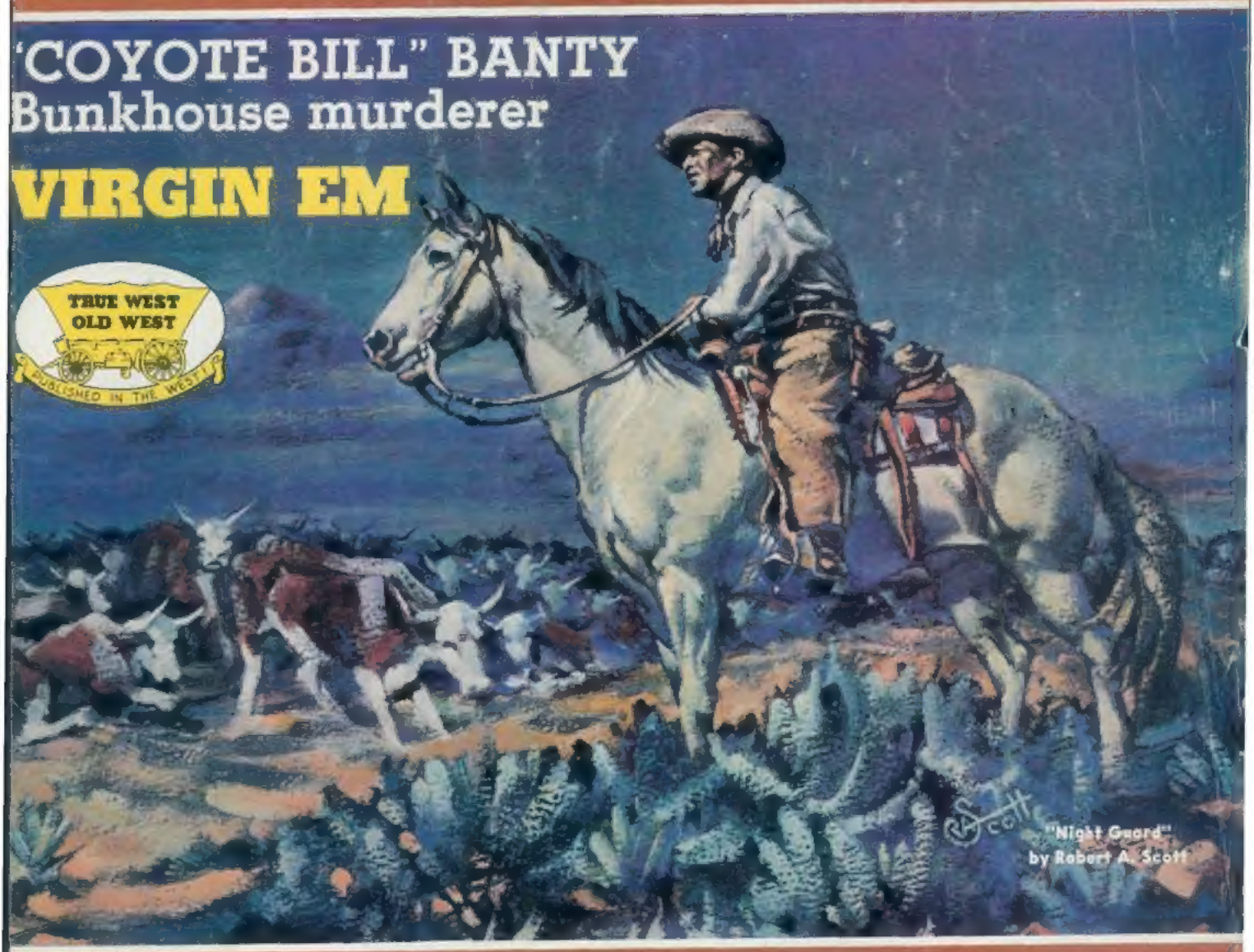

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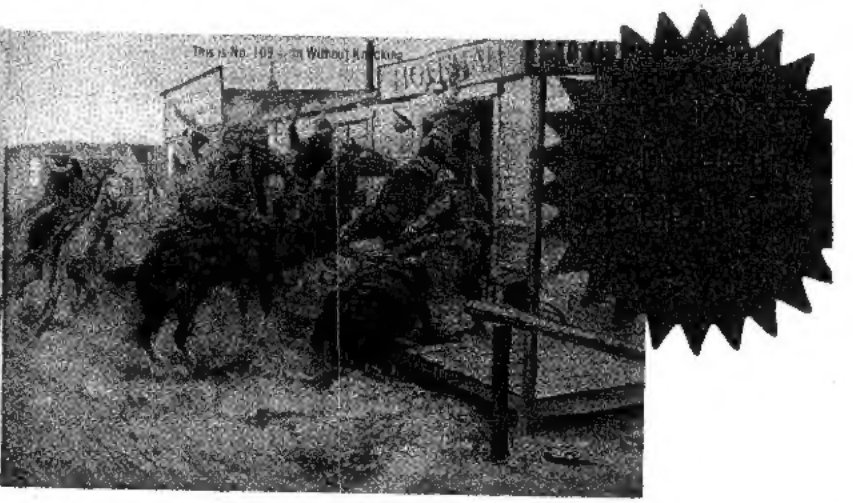

——PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH——

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½ (watercolor)
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), x2:__x8½ (watercolor)
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 18½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 11x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—The Water Girl, 9x10½ (watercolor)
24—Renegades Return, 13½x9½
25—Chief Joseph (Indian Head) 8x11 (watercolor)
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous ripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of the Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½ (watercolor)
32—First Furrow, 8x12 (watercolor)
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x5
39—Invocation to the Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 14x9½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8 (watercolor)
47—Wagons Westward, 10½x8 (watercolor)
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7 (watercolor)
51—At the End of The Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear? 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10½
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9¼
67—Slick Ear, 11½x9
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 13½x9½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind, Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½ (watercolor)
82—When Tracks Spell Meatn, 13½x x½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½x9½
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8 (watercolor)
87—Whose Meat? 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x10½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9 (watercolor)
91—Innocent Allies, 13½x9¼
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (watercolor)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½ (watercolor)
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 9½x5 (watercolor)
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898) 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8x6
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112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
113—Trapper's Last Stand, 14x9½
114—When Meat Was Plentiful, 11x7½
115—Buffalo on the Move, 13½x9
116—Red Skin Raiders, 13½x9
117—Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks) 13½x9½
118—Breaking Camp (Indian Women) 13½x9½
119—Riding Line, 13½x9½
120—Indian Trading Post, 9½x13½
121—Stalking the Herd, 9½x13½
122—Death of a Gambler, 9½x13½
123—Piegan Indians, 9x12

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Hosstail's "SMALL TALK"

WE'RE BACK from our trip out West. It was a whang-dilly in every respect. I haven't got all my photos back yet so will wait until next issue to write about it and show some photos. Until then, here's the account of one of the most unusual lost mine stories I ever heard. Chick Oldham told me about this one.

Lost Cement Mine

There is a strange parallel, and a tragic one, between the things that happened to the followers of Cortez, when they were driven out of Mexico City by the Aztecs, and the things that happened to the three Germans who discovered what has since been called the Lost Cement Mine.

As you ought to know from the history books, a group of Cortez's soldiers were so loaded down with gold when they started out of Mexico City at the end of their first "visit," that they could neither fight nor run.

That was a slightly rough state of affairs what with a few hundred thousand frenzied Aztecs warting them, pulling them off the causeway into the water (where the gold sank them), and cutting at them from every angle. They literally laid down their lives for gold.

So did the Germans. That was 'way back near the middle of the past century. The Germans started West with a fairly large party of other emigrants. But, in central Nevada, they were attacked by Indians and only three men managed to escape with their lives. They had little else — no supplies. Still they struggled bravely on, making their way through the desert region and on to the mountains of California.

When they reached Mono Lake and rounded its shores to the east, they felt cheered up even though they were weary and hungry. They paused for a rest.

One of them noticed a streak of odd-looking clay. It had the firmness of cement. In fact, it was a kind of natural cement. The weary German sat down to examine the stuff more closely. Then he shouted to his companions, and all began studying the find. It was gold!

Those Germans were pretty wise in the ways of gold, mostly through studying about it. The gold rush was on already, and the Germans knew that the eight-inch streak of clay, which evidently extended far down into the earth, was lumpy with a yellow metal which was gold — almost pure.

They figured the clay was about two-thirds gold, worth about $200 a pound.

That's when the weary travelers let greed get the better of judgment. Each man saddled himself down with from twenty-five to thirty pounds of the golden cement — about $5,000 worth (value at that time). Then they moved on, walking still slower, getting exhausted quicker, resting more. The extra load was simply too much for them. Yet they wouldn't throw it away.

One of the three lost his life as a direct result of his riches. He slipped and, because of the gold, couldn't keep his footing. He died at the bottom of a cliff. Another died of sheer exhaustion and hunger. The third, still doggedly clinging to a small sample of his golden cement after wisely throwing most of it away, finally was picked up by a passer-by and taken to the old Nevada mining camp of Esmeralda.

The record is hazy as to the actions of the German after that: It is said he failed to recover from the hardship of his trip and died — which is probably right. It is said, also, that before passing on, he drew a crude map of the location of the golden cement, giving the drawing, along with some verbal instructions, to a man named Whitman who had befriended him.

Just what became of Whitman is another matter of guesswork, unless that skeleton, found some years later, really was his, as some people claimed. Old-timers in the area said that for years after Whitman got the map, he would disappear periodically from the village, being careful to elude anyone trying to follow him, and return with a packsack bulging with golden cement.

But on one trip he failed to return. Later a skeleton, tentatively identified as that of Whitman, was found on the desert. There was a bullet hole through the skull.

Years later, in 1881, lumps of cementy clay, heavy with gold, were picked up by a wandering prospector east of the once brawling mining camp of Bodie, approximately twenty miles to the northeast of the place near Mono Lake where the Germans struck it rich — and fatal.

The find started a new gold hunt, for people were convinced the Lost Cement Mine had been spotted at last. But the rich vein was never found. There is absolutely no doubt about the actual existence of that ore.

Wesley Howell, who was the first mining superintendent of the famed Copper Queen mine at Bisbee, Arizona, and Spencer W. Glawson, a renowned mining engineer, actually saw that golden cement. They gave technical proof of its existence — they admitted there was a Lost Cement Mine in the area.

But that hasn't led anybody to the treasure, even though statements of the experts did cause a new crop of prospectors to start searching for the mine.

If you set out to hunt for the Lost Cement Mine, you'll be acting the part of a wise man if you'll bear in mind what Mark Twain said when he hunted for it and failed. Twain said he was whipped down in his search for gold because his mule was ignorant of tradition. So get a mule that knows tradition, and take off. If you find any of the hard stuff, let me know.

See you later. — Hosstail

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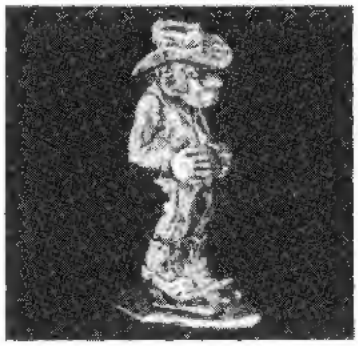

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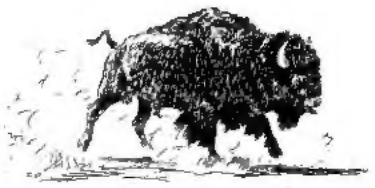

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Cover: Robert A. Scott
"Night Guard"

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CORRECTION

Bill King has brought to our attention that we swapped two of the pictures in his story "Those Old King Bucking Horses" (December 1981 *True West*, page 37).

If you readers will just leave the picture captions as they are, but switch the riders, you'll have it made. Yakima Canutt on Big Enough is the one who has just bucked past some trees. Shorty Kelso on Hesitation has his left arm in the air, and his horse's hind legs have left the ground. We're awfully sorry we balled this up.

Show and Tell

I am a retired teacher. "Here's to Barney and Joe With Thanks" by Walter L. Stewart, which ran in the October 1981 issue, caught my eye and heart because it is a fine "telling" story for children. Of course in the telling version, all other details are ignored. It's Barney and Joe from the start — through a snowstorm on a desperate mission with two men and their lives depending on it. One storm, survival; a second storm worse than the other, all seems lost and the men think the animals are crazed, following the sleigh through pure robot-reflex, then bang — a cabin and safety. Barney and Joe have brought the two freezing men to their warm barn and stall where the oxen had lived as calves.

In this world of science and "proofs" it is hard for me to explain to my grandchildren what I call a seventh sense that some animals seem to have — a sense which binds all of us together on this earth in survival. I can't prove why our old family mule stopped pitching with me on a cold frosty morning and trotted past a 100-foot canyon and then started up again and gave me a "teach" by throwing me atop my head into plowed ground. Or why I sat and watched my Collie walk as buffer between my oldest toddling son and a roaring stream which, had she not, he would have met certain death. But I know some animals have this instinct.

So when it comes to story time, guess what? "We want to hear about Barney and Joe in the snow." There is a great picture of oxen at work on the cover of the Winter 1978 Old West. I use this illustration when telling the story of Barney and Joe. Most children haven't the slightest notion of how an ox looks under yoke.

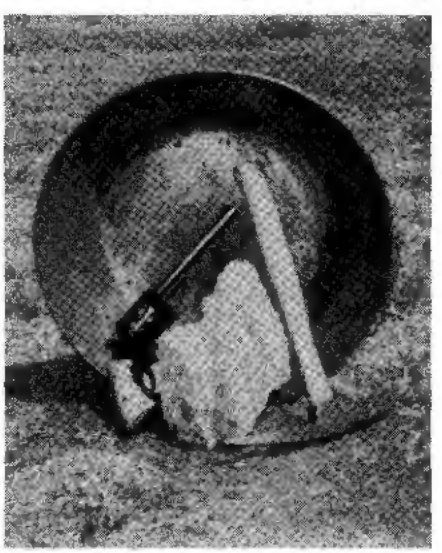
You may have started something here, Mr. Stewart. — Royce Q. Holland, P.O. Box 4797, Foster, Oklahoma 73039

Prospector Surfaces

After several years I have just got ahold of your Summer 1976 issue of *Gold*! On page 1 a Mr. Mark C. Blazek refers to an article he wrote, "Gold-Bearing Logs in Nevada" in the Winter 1975 issue.

I am the prospector who discovered the golden logs back in 1929 and have everything to prove it. About 1928 I drove my Model T Ford into the camp of Nigger Wells. It had been a stopover for travel of wagons or stages going back and forth to Fallon, Fairview, Frenchmen Station or anyplace where they could get supplies.

I was greeted by Eddie and Frank Nugent and their partner Bill Johnson. They owned the claims at Nigger or Tucker Wells, the Negro's name being Tucker. They asked me to stay for a while and prospect their claims. I did and found the gold in petrified wood. They made me a partner and we started mining logs.



Tons of petrified wood were mined and milled, giving gold values up to $600 a ton. While mining, I observed grains of green gold, its composition unknown to me; and black gold, presumably composed of tellurides. This is one of four known specimens in existence (pictured). It was taken from the only place in the world where gold was found in petrified wood and mined for its gold content. Picture shows its size compared to a one gallon tomato can. Weight is about six pounds and it has four or five pinhead-size pieces of gold showing on the surface.

In 1959 I obtained the following press release from the Nevada Bureau of Mines, University of Nevada in Reno. It had been written and distributed in 1929, when the logs were discovered by Walter S. Palmer who was then Director of the Nevada State Analytical Laboratory and Head of the Metallurgy Department, Mackay School of Mines, Reno, Nevada.

Gold in Petrified Wood

"A very interesting occurrence of gold was recently discovered in the Aspen District of Churchill County, Nevada, by Edward and Frank Nugent, Clayton Kroh and William Johnson. The occurrence consists of gold deposited in petrified wood, which in turn is buried in a volcanic tuff.

"The Aspen District is in the extreme southeastern corner of Churchill County at the eastern end of the Broken Hills range and northwest of the Bruner or Phonelite District in northern Nye County. The Broken Hills range is a group of low hills lying between the Fairview and Ellsworth ranges in Churchill and Nye Counties and consists chiefly of volcanic tuffs, basalt, andesite and obsidian.

"The gold-bearing petrified wood is found about one quarter mile southwest of the camp known as Nigger or Tucker Wells, in the northern part of the Aspen Disrict. In this part of the district the formation is chiefly volcanic tuff cut by dikes of andesite and overlain by basalt, in certain parts. There are some zones that are highly silicified due to hot water action.

"The petrified wood has been found at present over an area of about five hundred yards square but only a small part of this area contains logs carrying gold. The logs are found practically at the surface and are lying in all positions from upright to prone. They are found by tracing floating pieces of the petrified wood and then looking for

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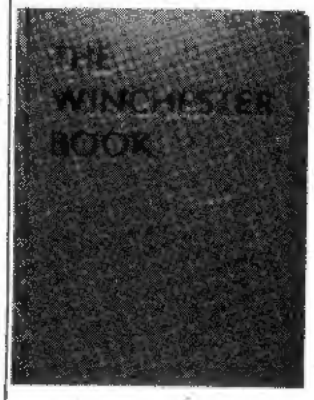

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discoloration at the surface, the tuff being quite light colored while the freshly exposed wood is very black due to the carbon which it contains.

"In size the logs seen were up to two feet in diameter and had been followed to a depth of not over fifteen feet in the tuff. It was said that some logs four feet in diameter had been found and mined. About ten to fifteen gold-bearing logs have been found to date and only parts of two are now exposed which carry gold. The others have been mined and either milled or screened and sacked for shipment.

"An examination of the logs shows that they now consist of crystalline and chalcedonic silica, carbon and calcite. The quartz crystals in some specimens are very small and rather loosely held together but they have preserved very plainly the annual ring growth of the original trees. Other specimens are very dense, black and hard and contain veinlets of chalcedony. No cell structure of the original wood could be observed in any of the specimens examined and therefore the species of the original trees cannot be determined. . . .

"The specimens richest in gold are easily crushed and on washing off the black carbon, the material then has a light gray color. Under the microscope some of the crystals are seen to include black particles, probably carbon. . . .

The gold, which has been observed in the original material, occurs as both irregular and crystalline grains in the spaces between the quartz crystals. Carbon in finely divided form also helps to fill the spaces between the quartz crystals." — Clayton Kroh, 6543 Priam Drive, Bell Gardens, California 90201.

The Mailbag

I am delighted with the results of my letter about the Parkers which ran in the October issue. I am averaging a letter a day. Some came from Selma, Chowchilla and Hollywood, California; Reno, Nevada; and Houston and Arlington, Texas. I have heard from a great-great nephew of Cynthia Ann Parker and from a long-ago baby sitter for the great-grandson of Quanah Parker, who is also named Quanah. She sent him my letter from *True West* and I hope to hear from him also. I never dreamed so many people read my favorite magazine! I have enjoyed them for years, as did my father, and now my sons.

I can hardly wait each day to see what is in my mailbox and have answered all, some of which ask for my help. It is fun sharing information with others. Some, like myself, would like to know just how to connect their line to Cynthia Ann's, as they grew up just "knowing" they were kin, but not knowing just how.

I want to thank you again for printing my letter. Keep giving us good reading in *True West*. — Mrs. Lewis Perkins, Rt. 2, Box 193, Franklin, Texas 77856

Grass Nuts?

I am looking for grass nuts. The grass grows in a clump, as I understand it and the edible nuts grow in bunches on the roots and taste like coconut. My informant lived near Kendrick, Idaho as a child and her people raised them to eat. They came from back East so I thought maybe one of your readers would know about them. I am really anxious to get some as my old friend is 90 years old and I'm trying to get some for her as well as myself. — Al Mote, 1820 Lincoln Road, E., Helena, Montana 59601

Italian Campaign, WWII

I would like to correspond with anyone who served in the 168th Infantry, 34th Division during the Battle for Cassino, Italy in winter 1944, particularly line companies and especially "C" Company. — J. J. Williams, Box 54, Redvale, Colorado 81431

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Platt

I would like to know the names of the parents of my great-great-great-grandfather, David Platt. David lived in the old Marion district in South Carolina, once known as the Georgetown district. He died before 1788 and was a Revolutionary War patriot. — W. L. Platt, 2305 Newfield Lane, Austin, Texas 78703

Sanders — McComas

I am seeking information on my grandmother, her father, mother, brothers and sisters, their names or anything about their life on earth. I don't know my great-great-grandparents' first names. Their surname was Sanders. They were full-blood Cherokee Indian. They had two daughters. Lucie Sanders married a man whose surname was Hester. They had one daughter, Onie Hester. They lived in McNairy County, Tennessee in or near Bethel Springs. My grandmother, Elizibeth Lutessie Sanders, born about 1863, married Jesse (Bud) Russom in June 1885. They lived in McNairy County, Tennessee and had nine children: Minnie, Lucie, Henry, Arlie, Edker, Walter, Carl (Carl had a twin who died at birth or as a young baby), and Clarence. Lucie and Elizibeth Sanders were full-blood Cherokee Indians. Elizibeth and Jesse left Tennessee in 1903 or '04, moved to Green County, Arkansas. Elizibeth died December 31, 1909. Anyone knowing the names of mother and father, brothers, sisters of Elizibeth Sanders, would love to hear from you.

A Judge H. C. McComas, born in Virginia, left there as a young lad. H.C. spent some time in Illinois and moved to Fort Scott, Kansas, set up a law practice and became involved in Kansas State Legislature, met and married a lady by the name of Wair, a well thought of family in Kansas. H.C. and wife was one possibly ? married before. After their son Charlie was born, H.C. and his wife moved to St. Louis, Missouri. H.C. practiced law there. He received an appointment as a Federal Judge in New Mexico. H.C. moved his family to Silver City, New Mexico. After his judgeship ended, he set up a law practice and became interested in mining. H.C. had two grown sons living in Lordsburg, New Mexico and two daughters ages eight and twelve living at home. On March 27, 1883 H.C. and Mrs. McComas and Charlie took a buckboard and started for the Lordsburg mining camp, leaving the two girls at home. The second day on the trip they met an Apache war party. Judge H.C. McComas and his wife were killed and Charlie was never found.

Can anyone tell me who H.C. McComas' father, mother, brothers and sisters names, names of his surviving children or the city or county in Virginia where H.C. McComas was born? H.C. McComas was a close relation to me. — Robert L. McComas, P.O. Box 447, Knobel, Arkansas 72435.

Alexander J. Cotton

We are anxious to copy a picture of any size or any condition of Alexander J. Cotton who was Probate Judge of Talladega County, Alabama in the 1850's. The picture is to hang in the Talladega County Courthouse. In the 1880s his family lived in Hays County, Texas. Could anyone get us in contact with Cotton's descendants? — Vern Scott, Talladega County Historical Society, Talladega, Alabama 35160.

A Trail Grown Bright!

I really hit the jackpot on my letter in Trails Grown Dim! I had asked for information concerning Clarence Oviatt, who had presumably disappeared somewhere in the lumber camps of Oregon. Immediately after the magazine hit the newsstands, I heard from two persons who wanted to be helpful, and the third letter came from none other than Mrs. Clarence Oviatt herself.

You can't know how grateful I am for the help given me by Trails Grown Dim. I can recommend it to anyone trying to track down an individual in the West. You did me a great service. - Mrs. Vandi Moore, Woods Landing, Jelm, Wyoming 82063

Price

I am seeking information on Confederate States General Sterling Price. I need to know his birth and death dates, who he married, the names of any children, and birth dates of his wife and children.

I would appreciate hearing from any of General Price's descendants and will answer all letters. — Mrs. E. M. Ritter, 61 Calle El Halcon, Camarillo, California 93010.

Startz

I am interested in locating anyone by the name of Startz, or anyone who might know someone by that name. There were Startzs who were in ranching in Texas and my grandfather, Benjamin Startz, was a doctor in New York at the turn of the century. This name is unusual enough that there is a good chance I am related to anyone whose surname is Startz. — B.N. Startz, Sleeping Elk Ranch, Lost Valley, c/o Condon, Oregon 97823

Kennedy

I would like to contact descendants of John Kennedy, early resident of Bakersfield, California. Some of the family were still residing in this area in the early 1920s. John was a twin brother of my grandfather, William O. Kennedy, born June 30, 1855 in Ashland County, Ohio. This particular Kennedy family was of Scottish descent. I have a picture of these two brothers at age 21. — Mrs. Doris Frye, 1820 West Hanley Road, Mansfield, Ohio 44904

Stansberry — Randolph — Knopp

My great-grandparents were Thomas and Mary Randolph Stansberry. Their sons came to California in the late 1840s and early 1850s. Francis Marion, born July 9, 1829 married Permilla (Amelia) Fairbanks in Illinois about 1847. Nathan, born September 12, 1832 married Mary Pathenia Clark on September 20, 1874 in Hydesville, California.

In 1897 a land deed was granted a Francis Marion Stansberry in the Matole area of Humboldt County, California. At one time there was a place called Bull Creek there. Francis Stansberry was a Civil War veteran of Sherman's army, married Martha Elizabeth Grey, daughter of a Confederate officer in Georgia. He and his wife are buried in Bull Creek cemetery in California.

I have a young man's picture which

(Continued on page 62)

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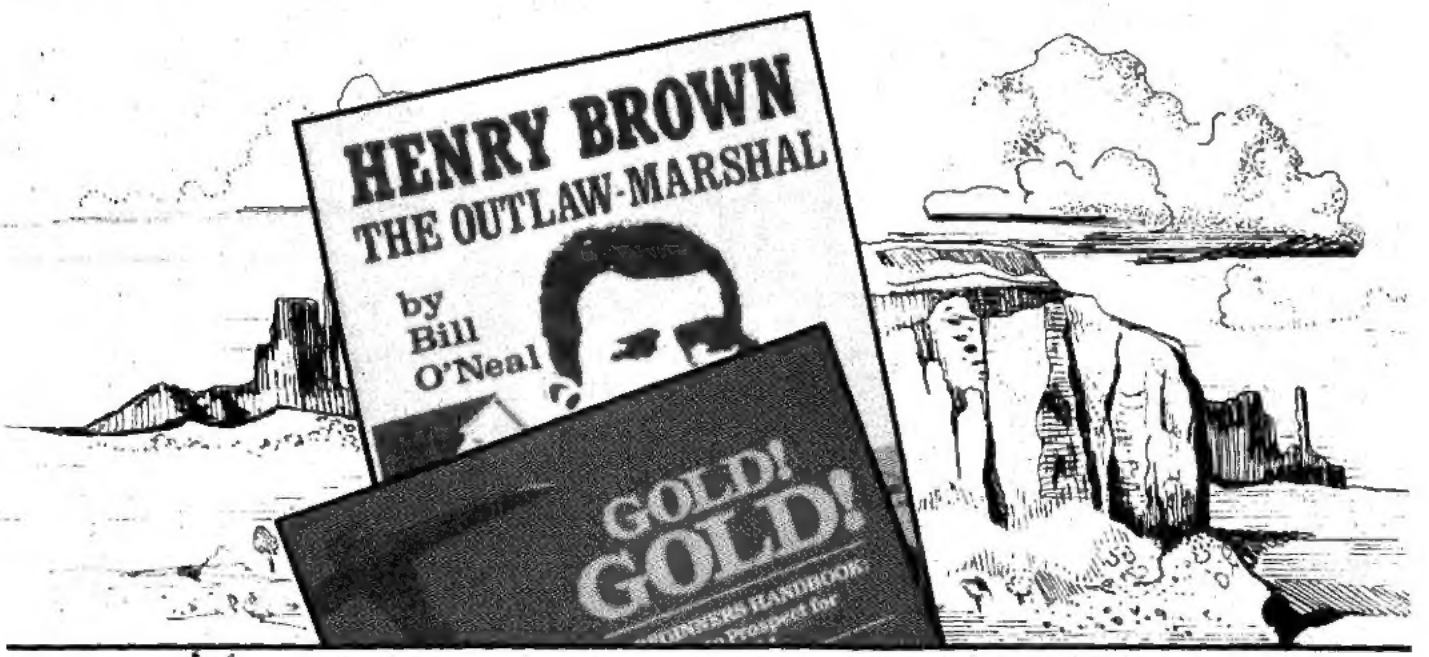

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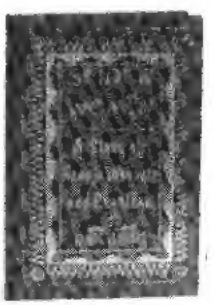

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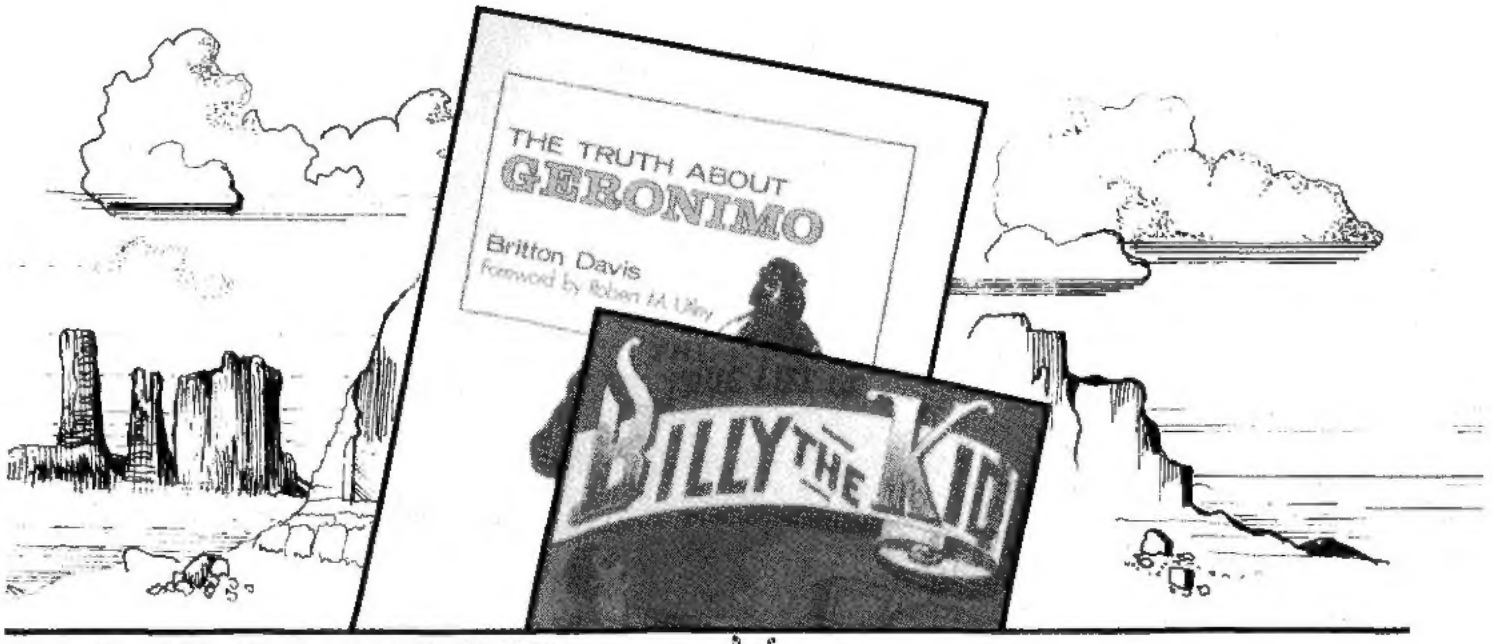

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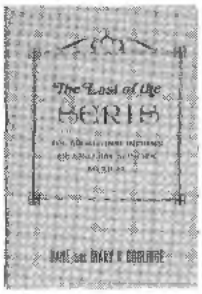

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HENRY TURKEYFOOT: THE LAST OF HIS KIND

"He lived by the gun."

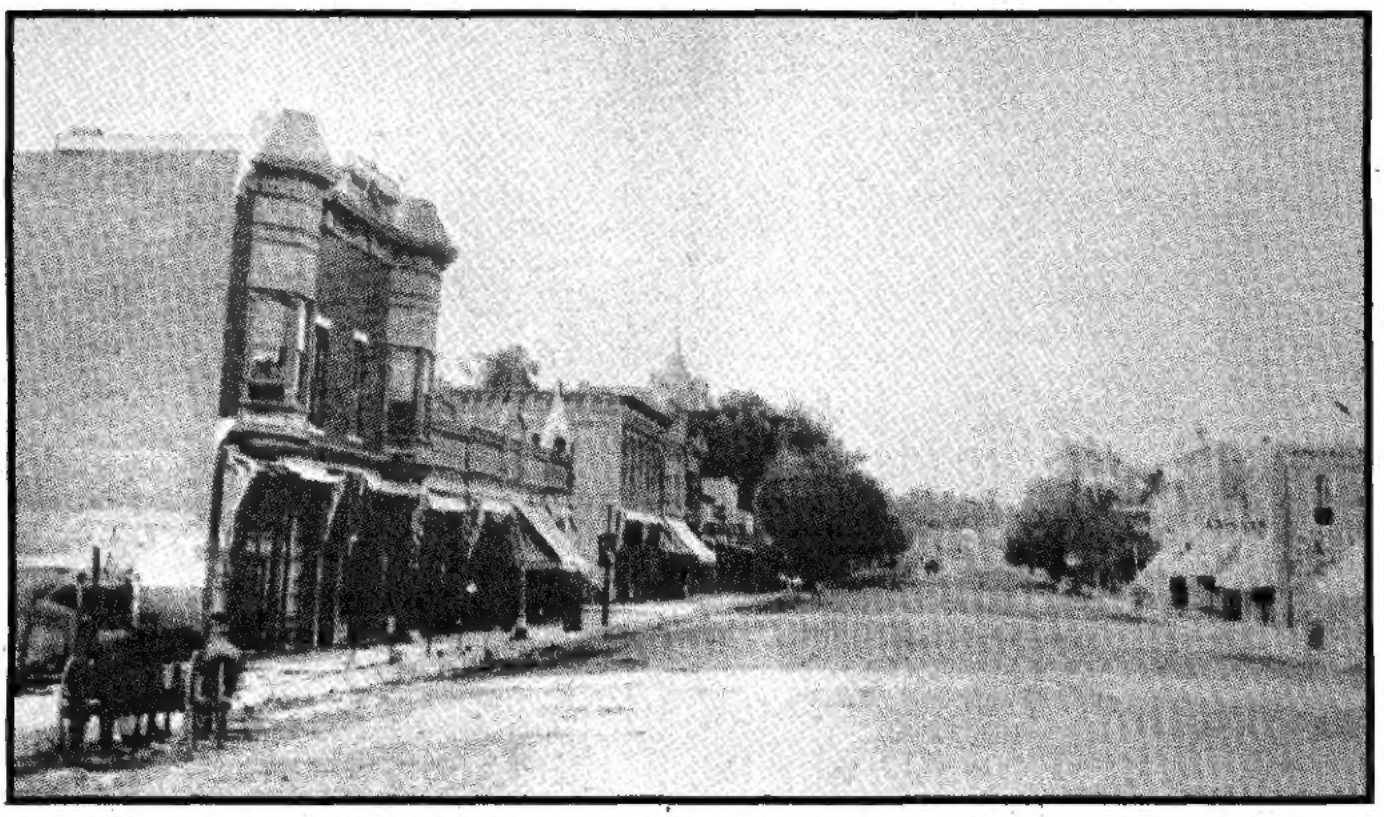
By
CHARLES BANKS WILSON
Photos and art provided by author

AS WE EYED each other in a small clearing in the blackjack trees, I felt every inch the intruder who had some explaining to do. I began, "I am an artist, have been here once before, and hope to paint your picture." Then, in a high-pitched voice, Henry Turkeyfoot confessed he had seen me before but, not knowing my business, had stepped out into the brush, as was his habit when strangers came around unannounced.

Turkeyfoot stood straight as an Indian is supposed to be. Shiny black hair, brushed forward to nearly touch the bridge of his nose, was made even more raven by the tightly rolled red bandanna around his neck. The wide-brimmed black hat, usually worn to top off his lanky six-foot-four body, lay at one end of a bench. Leaning against the native-oak barn wall was a well-cared-for rifle and shotgun. It was 1937, and Turkeyfoot was sixty-eight years old, with a notorious reputation for being unpredictable and unfettered.

He felt no threat from a nineteen-year-old kid, and this time I hit it lucky. He agreed to pose, so beneath the shed roof we went right to work. Water was necessary for my paint but had to be carried from a spring down near the river. Rather than use his supply, I dipped some from a nearby rain barrel, brushing aside some active mosquito larvae as I filled my pot.

The watercolor he patiently posed for that day started me upon a career which has kept me drawing and painting among every Indian tribe in Oklahoma. However, I remember Henry Turkeyfoot most vividly, and am not alone. Everyone who knew him remembers him in surprising detail. A few may recall the holstered pistol hanging from his belt, while more tell of the Indian who rode a horse into town with a rifle across the saddle. All have a Turkeyfoot story they are anxious for you to hear.



Seneca, Missouri looks peaceful in this 1910 main street view. But it was known as "Hell On The Line" when Henry and hundreds of Indians from the Territory roamed its streets, trading and celebrating.

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Drawing of Henry Turkeyfoot by Charles Banks Wilson.

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA ON THE ARTIST

CHARLES BANKS WILSON

Few other artists have become so identified with their State as Oklahoma's Charles Banks Wilson. Painter, printmaker, magazine and book illustrator, teacher, lecturer and historian, his work has been shown in over 200 exhibitions in this country and throughout the world. The permanent collections of major museums and galleries contain his paintings and prints of Oklahoma life. These include New York's Metropolitan and Washington's Library of Congress, Corcoran Gallery and the Smithsonian. Oklahoma school children studied from a history text containing some 50 of his drawings.

Author and editor of a standard work on the Indian Tribes of Eastern Oklahoma, he is also the illustrator of 22 books and has done pictures for many more.

Writers have said the paintings by Charles Banks Wilson breathe the spirit of the Southwest. It can also be said, his mural "The Trapper's Bride" in the Jackson Lake Lodge, Wyoming, commissioned by the late John D. Rockefeller, Jr. in 1955, ranks among the finest records of the Far West's fur trade.

Besides the Oklahoma Press Association's portrait of Will Rogers, Wilson also did the life portrait of Thomas Gilcrease who established Tulsa's Gilcrease Museum. (This museum owns 55 works by the artist.) Four mural-sized portraits of Will Rogers, Sequoyah, U.S. Senator Robert Kerr, and the athlete, Jim Thorpe, are viewed annually by one million visitors to the Oklahoma State rotunda. The Oklahoma painter is best known for his pictures of contemporary Indian life, a project which has engaged him since the early 30s. His wife is a member of the Quapaw Tribe, daughter Carrie was accorded the honor of being "Miss Indian Oklahoma."

Friends and neighbors have not remembered him as a mean man, in spite of his exploits. He was born at the wrong time. He arrived lean, brown and free — and stayed that way. When he was seven, his Cherokee-Shawnee father died. His mother was an Eastern Shawnee and had come with the Seneca Indians from Ohio to Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, where she was remarried to a Wyandotte man. Young Henry lived with them on his mother's allotted Indian land near the border town of Seneca, Missouri. At the Indian school he attended he preferred not to learn anything. His crowning accomplishment was to throw a rock 200 feet and hit the bell on top of the girls' classroom building. When the bell rang, children fled their classes. As punishment, Henry was chained to a porch post.

He could write his name but never signed it Henry; he always wrote Milton Turkeyfoot, his given name. Years later, when asked if he could read, he replied, "Sometimes." In a contemporary's words: "When he wanted to, he could; and, when he didn't want to, he couldn't."

The Seneca Indian Agency was near his stepfather's house inside the Territory, just four miles away from Seneca, Missouri which was incorporated the year Henry was born, 1869. It was a farm community and trading post, a place where wagons heading West could be outfitted and furs traded. The Atlantic and Pacific Railroad had a turnaround there; it went no farther because the railroad was unable to reach an agreement with the tribes in the Territory.

Seneca had become known as "Hell on the Line." Establishment of a large flour mill and liquor distillery caused business to boom. Hundreds of Indians moved through muddy streets trading and celebrating: Osage, Cherokee, Wyandotte, Ottawa, Peoria, Quapaw, Seneca, Shawnee and Modoc. With the exception of the Quapaw, all had been moved to the Territory from distant states. Modocs, moved as captives from the Oregon lava bed battles, were especially visible. Henry began spending so much time with the Modoc many thought him a member of that tribe.

Twenty-one years had passed since the ten-year-old Henry had seen the Modoc tribesmen, furious over a shopkeeper's killing of a Modoc boy, gather on a hill west of Seneca and prepare to attack until talked out of it by level-headed Indians and townspeople. A new society was now being introduced to the American natives as they moved into the 20th Century. It was a way of life they weren't programmed for, especially Turkeyfoot.

Many Agency Indians were unable to read and figure, so fared poorly when trading in town. However, when Turkeyfoot felt put-upon, he would sweep his arm through shelves of canned goods, sending them crashing to the floor. While he might spend some time in the "schoolhouse," as he termed the county jail, his point was well noted. Soon to get another handful it became necessary only for him to point to the candy sack he considered improperly filled. No questions asked. He was afraid of white men, avoided them when possible and once said, "White men are crazy. They'll cut an Indian in two for no reason." However, the truth is, he was no more understood by Indians than non-Indians.

IT WOULD BE FAIR to say of Turkeyfoot: "He lived by the gun." From the first, he loved the gun and all it represented — the hunt and freedom. A gun was never far from his reach. Small game of the Shawnee timberland perfected his marksmanship. He would shoot at anything. Envision young Henry galloping on his horse to the Indian Agency, shooting at fence posts as he passed, first on one side and then the other. Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, POW! Abruptly, his horse fell, shot in

Quapaw Indians in front of Seneca's distillery, about seventy years ago.

the head — Henry had been careless. Stove pipes protruding from cabin roofs along his route home were also targets — as were his stepfather and brother-in-law.

Accounts of his marksmanship were often related in country stores. Acquaintances describe how Henry could release two quail at once, grab a .22 calibre rifle lying at his feet, and hit them both in flight. To kill a rabbit his way, it took two shots — one placed directly behind the rabbit to make him jump, and one to ping him in mid-air. Along Spring River he would shoot carp and buffalo fish to trade for lard, often shooting from his perch in a big cottonwood tree overhanging shallow water. His hand was so steady he could reach out and pick a wasp off the wall without being stung.

Continual spats with relatives caused Henry's move to his own 100-acre Shawnee allotment along Spring River, halfway between Seneca and Miami, Oklahoma. The government built him a nice white house and barn on this land, but he eschewed the house. For a man who felt he had many enemies the house had "too many windows for safety," so he slept in the barn's hayloft above his horse's stall. The Indian Department also dug him a well which he did not use. He had drunk from a nearby spring for years.

Rent from his land was his main source of income. Otherwise, Henry worked only when he wanted. He was considered a good woodcutter and field hand, but he spent most of his time hunting. Even when he worked the harvest without a gun, no rabbit was safe. He'd chase them down. Harvest crews always had fresh rabbit.

It wasn't uncommon for Henry to walk or ride to town, without money, but with his gun, and arrive with quail to trade for food and shells. When it became illegal to sell quail, he would peddle them as "chickens." Neighbors remember Henry had a dog only once, a small mutt he had taught not to bark. "He could hunt right up in your yard."

The sloe-eyed Shawnee didn't, however, become notorious without cause. When he had been "riding the white mule" — drinking home-brew — he could be a problem. In those days fighting was fun and games. He once told a friend, "The sheriff's posse came after me, and I held them off pretty good until I fell asleep. If I hadn't-a, we'd sure had a little fun!" He seemed to have been on the "Wanted" list for cutting a man's ears off during a whiskey-soaked card game. Why his ears? Turkeyfoot explained: "Because he was my friend. If he hadn't-a-been, I'd-a killed him."

Henry Turkeyfoot on Billy. Photo was taken two years after he posed for Wilson.

Henry's was a rough-and-tumble crowd, always ready to fight. But only one man reportedly whipped him. An Indian friend was helping Henry sample a new batch of home-brew, and a quarrel developed. Apparently needing another drink but unable to get the cork out of the jug, Henry growled, "Got a knife?" One was handed over, and he used it to remove the stopper, then purposely dropped the long knife into the jug, and firmly recorked it with the knife inside. Standing up, as best he could, he announced, "Now, I'm gonna killee you and settle this for sure!" But Henry didn't win that disagreement or the fight, and spent the next few weeks sorely laid up.

By this time, Henry had collected some good guns and was proud of his knowledge of them. He showed them to about every visitor, often taking a prized one to town. News of his collection travelled and one was occasionally stolen from his barn. It started to happen more and more often. One afternoon, however, he came home unexpectedly and found the padlock ripped off the single door. Quietly he edged around the building to look through a crack in the vertical board wall, and was able to make out a figure in the back of the room going through his treasures. Henry stepped back to his horse and pulled a shotgun from the saddle scabbard and his knife from his pocket. He set his jaw and moved quickly into the doorway. There were no windows, so the light disappeared completely as he closed and latched the door behind him. Henry never told what happened beyond that point — nor has anybody else.

HIS HORSE BILLY, a big sorrel, was his only trusted friend, especially reliable when Turkeyfoot needed help to get home from a Missouri saloon. Drinking buddies would sometimes set Henry on Billy's saddle, looping his belt over the horn to keep him upright. The horse knew the way home. If the rangy Indian did fall off before arriving, Billy would stand by him until he was again able to ride, no matter how many hours passed.

Henry was concerned for his mount. He once tied Billy under a tree during a heavy rain while he went into the crossroads store to eat his first meal in days — a gallon of tomatoes. Yet, he would go outside every few minutes to commiserate with the drenched horse. "Poor Billy, poor Billy!" he'd yell.

His sense of humor was "full of devilment." He enjoyed tormenting people by sneaking up on them, Indian-style. When he recognized someone from the prairie in town, he waited by the road for them to return home. He would jump out from a ditch or behind a bush, hoop and holler, and wave his big hat, sending their team into a bolt. It was special fun to shoot at a man's feet to make him dance. Recalling one such instance, Henry tilted his head up and laughed. "I backed him into a tree. He was so scared he tried to climb that tree backwards!"

The rifle, carried across Billy's saddle, had been the cause of many shoot-

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outs with farmers on Henry's route to and from town. It had to be left at Big Ike's filling station on the edge of Miami before the town law would let him enter. In Seneca, however, he would meet the train, waving his rifle to welcome the passengers. This was unnerving to newcomers; and, while the law was unable to take his gun, he did agree to leave it in his saddle holster.

Turkeyfoot had become a "bogey man" to young children of the area because of highly-colored stories told them by parents. "Come right home from school, or Turkeyfoot will be looking for you"; or "If you don't stop that, I'll give you to Turkeyfoot." One non-Indian still remembers him as "the terror of my life."

Actually Turkeyfoot liked children and would hold the very small on his lap for long periods, making strange noises to entertain them. "I know young ones are afraid of me," he'd say wistfully, "but I wouldn't hurt them." He gave children hard candies from a selection he bought in Seneca called "Modoc Mix." Sometimes he'd give them .22 shells because he knew they liked to shoot walnuts out of trees. Or he'd give a jar of pickles, another favorite of kids.

On occasion, he could be thoughtful and generous, sometimes taking small game to unsuccessful hunters; but, in other instances, his actions are not so clear. One day he met two riders and noticed a worn and broken bridle on the older man's mount. "That's a bad bridle for a horse to wear; I'll give you a good one." The same day Henry took him a better one. Weeks went by, and the men again met on the road. "Say, that's a fine bridle on your horse. I want it back," Henry said, and he took it.

Henry enjoyed women's company but was married only once. He and his wife fought often. Neighbors say his wife frequently left him, each time taking her cook stove with her. She left permanently after two years, and Henry was without a stove. Another trial-wife was taken back to town by Henry after two weeks. "Don't want you," he simply said.

When the carnival came to town, so did Henry. He loved the lights, the noise, and the activity; and the carnival girls were nice to him. Yet, with all his notorious "worldliness," he was still naive enough to give a girl a ten dollar bill and wonder why she didn't bring back the change. Turkeyfoot was an enigma — liking solitude but wanting and at times demanding attention. Hundreds of people must have pictures of him made in photo booths at carnivals.

As Henry neared seventy, his reputation caught up with him. He had to stay out of Seneca and its saloons, having become easy prey for young men eager

— ADVERTISING —

BUNKHOUSE BROWSING

by Perry Peterson

Howdy pardners! This is the first time our trails have crossed in True West, so I figured I should properly introduce myself before I get to the business of books. I may be new to Western Publications, but you'll be glad to know I'm no greenhorn when it comes to good reading. Ever since Western Book Company first began offering you the best in books about the West, you have proven your interest and told us what you like to read about most. The Western booklist is recognized as paydirt for excellent reading on *all kinds* of subjects — outlaws, lawmen, lost and found treasure (or *not* found yet), southwestern Indians, ghost towns, railroads, collecting, artwork — and the list goes on and on. Stake your claim and read 'em all — if you can! From the great selection and frequent new titles, you have a reliable source from which to build your own superb collection. You'll find our ad in this and future issues of True West, with a passel of new and long-time favorite books. But remember: the books in here are only part of the whole works! You'll find everything we offer in our 1982 catalog, free for the asking. We will keep you posted as books are added and sold out, but keep an eye on this magazine for the latest updates.

Trying to decide on a single book for this writeup was no simple chore, and I finally decided on two. One of the obvious first choices had to be the popular *1902 Sears Roebuck Catalogue*. Chances are good that you have already laid hands on a copy, but if you haven't, here's what you're missing. This early "dream book" cost 50¢ back in 1902, but when you look at the prices you will probably say "Gad, that's worth it!" On the front cover we find this statement: "The real value of this book is plainly shown in every price quotation," and that's no fiddle. The historical value of such a book becomes apparent right away, and it's entertaining as all get-out. This catalog even has a good book department. You could order books on palmistry or hypnotism. You could order big family Bibles or Shakespeare's Complete Works. The Shakespeare set of seven volumes sold for $1.25! There are 29 pages of guns, and you could get a shotgun for under $5! You could buy a buggy or a snow cutter. For 42¢ you could buy a German "Sure Cure for Drunkenness," and the ladies could get "Dr. Rose's Arsenic Complexion Wafers"! Only a few pages away you could choose a tombstone. There are 14 pages of woodburning stoves and 10 pages of pocket watches. It just has one amazing page after another. In his introduction, Cleveland Amory writes, "Published in the spring of 1902, the catalogue mirrors the dreams and needs of Americans at a time when life was less complex than it is today, when a rural economy was still dominant and vast numbers of people were moving westward." In the original opening letter to the catalogue, there is something we seldom — if ever — see anymore: "Kind Friend: . . . If you should order from this book two or three years hence and there has been any reduction in the price of the goods ordered by you, we will give you the benefit of the lower prices and return the difference to you in cash." Now those were the days!

Another book I want you to know about is *The True Life of Billy the Kid, The Noted New Mexican Outlaw*. While this publication may cost a little more, the book is certainly nothing to sneeze at. It's an excellent hardcover, and I think a quote from the jacket flap gives a good description: "... perhaps the first book devoted to the life of Billy the Kid, having appeared in print only weeks after Pat Garrett killed the Kid at Fort Sumner, New Mexico. It may also be the rarest book written about Billy the Kid in existence. This reprint was made from the only known copy. Ramon F. Adams, the noted bibliographer of the early West, located this copy in the Boston Athenaeum . . . The identity of Edmund Fable, Jr. (the author) has never been determined. It is assumed that he was a newspaper reporter, but this has never been substantiated."

In 1881, this book was published in Denver, and it sold for 25¢. This reprint, very well done by the Creative Publishing Co., contains reproductions of the original illustrations, title page and so on. You'll find full-page photographs of the Kid and Garrett, and other illustrations show "Billy the Kid as a Cow-Boy," "Murder of the Two Guards in the Lincoln County Jail," "Settling His Debt with John Chisom" and "The Meeting of Garrett and the Kid at Maxwell's Ranch."

The many factual errors in this book have been retained by the publishers for the sake of originality and amusement. Only 350 copies were printed, each numbered.

I enjoy passing this information along, and I'd like to know what you think. If you have any comments or suggestions, just drop me a line at Western Book Co., 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990. I'll be doing my darndest to keep you supplied with the best in western reading anywhere, and don't forget to see the catalog! *The True Life of Billy the Kid*. Stock number 147. $19.95. *1902 Sears Roebuck Catalogue*. Stock number 805. $5.95.

to make a name. They would say, "You're Henry Turkeyfoot, huh? Well, you don't look so tough to me." The old man was getting the stuffin' beaten out of him on every trip.

Turkeyfoot died in May 1943, at seventy-four. The funeral was held in a niece's yard beneath a cottonwood tree. Hair was cut from Billy's mane and tail, braided into a switch, and hung with the skin of a squirrel high in the branches of the tree. This part of the ceremony was to assure Henry of a good horse to ride and game to hunt in the Hereafter.

"He wasn't a bad man," people still say after relating some outrageous Turkeyfoot anecdote. "I liked Henry. He just couldn't cope with the changing times — and didn't much try."

Billy was given to a neighbor and later sold for money to get one of Henry's relatives out of trouble. It seems Billy was still coming to the aid of Turkeyfoots. The horse was bought by a wealthy Quapaw Indian who gave him a good home as long as he lived. The land was sold, and Turkeyfoot's river haunts are now a thoroughfare for speeding boats. Still, sometimes when the river and the night are quiet, fishermen swear they hear the sounds of Billy's hoofs and see the silhouette of Henry Turkeyfoot sitting straight, his rifle across his saddle, wandering the river's banks — the last of his kind.

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JIM WARDNER'S BLACK CAT FARM

Behold the life of an early-day pyramid

By
DON MILLER
Photo provided by author

THE WORLD'S only known black cat farm was established late last century by James F. Wardner. On a rat-less-mouseless 2,000-acre island in Bellingham Bay, in the upper part of Washington's Puget Sound, he established his $200,000 Consolidated Black Cat Company, Limited.

Those who knew Jim Wardner would have expected such a venture. He was that kind of a guy.

Wardner was born May 19, 1846 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He grew up fast and claimed he "developed a disposition to trade and barter with my boy companions rather than to indulge in the usual games and sports of children."

When he was eight years old Wardner came up with his first money-making scheme. He conned 75¢ from his mother to buy a pregnant rabbit, with the idea of increasing his stock of the prolific rodents to at least 1,000 head by the end of the year. He noted that "the figures for the next following year became so large I could not calculate them, but that at twenty-five cents each for the rabbits, I would be awful rich."

For the next five years young Wardner concentrated on rabbits. He made enough money to buy all his school books, and had plenty of spending money. However, he found that his original calculations didn't materialize, and he also learned that "figures will lie more correctly and seductively than any other medium of untruth."

After going out of the rabbit-raising business, he worked in drugstores in Milwaukee and New York. He also marked time as an assistant to a doctor who was a "tapeworm specialist," and served as a hospital steward.

But Jim Wardner soon got the wanderlust and headed West. He kicked around in Arizona, South Dakota, Idaho, Montana, California, Washington and British Columbia; and as he put it, "invaded nearly all countries and all climes, from the northern extremities of Alaska to the Southern parts of Africa." He managed to have a town in Idaho and one in British Columbia named in his honor. But mostly he managed to make money — lots of it.

Wardner decided to settle in Fairhaven, Washington, where within a month he organized a waterworks company, an electric light company, a logging and milling company, a club and two banks. He bought 135 lots in the town and looked forward to Fairhaven's becoming a great metropolis. It was at this time that he embarked upon yet another business venture — raising black cats.

Wardner hired Samule Weller of Cincinnati to run his Bellingham Bay feline farm. Wardner wrote of Weller, "This gentlemen was a cat man, and his father was a cat man before him."

"Cat Man" Weller began a cat roundup of immense proportions. The New York *Tribune* reported that several carloads of black cats were to be shipped from San Francisco to Wardner's farm.

The Sioux City *Journal* reported that "Pacific Coast States were ransacked, and nearly every incoming train was loaded with black cats, which were immediately taken to the island, or 'cat factory' as we called it."

The *Journal* also disclosed that these animals "were in charge of a number of men, who furnished food by seine-fishing in the bay, and a certain number were killed during the year to pay current expenses." The same newspaper reported that good black cat pelts were

worth $2.00. The paper said cat farming beat skunk and rattlesnake farming ten to one, and "is less disagreeable and much more profitable."

CAT PELTS were used to make muffs and capes. The New York *Tribune* indicated another use: "There is always a considerable demand for black cat-skins in certain parts of Missouri and Arkansas for medical use, a plaster

artist!

made on the hide side of the skin of a black cat killed in the dark of the moon being greatly esteemed by many local practitioners." It's not known if Wardner's cat skins made any marketing inroads in the Missouri-Arkansas black magic market.

Col. W.J. Parkinson gave a speech before the New York Fur Men's Association, and during it he described the cat farm operation. There were 10,000 cats inhabiting the island, he said, and asked his audience, "Imagine these two thousand acres cut up into convenient divisions, with drying sheds and barns, meat and slaughter houses, grass and sand lots, for these feline pets to whisk about in. Every thirty days, or each month of the year, five hundred of these cats are presumed to be killed, and their hides hung up to dry, or get ready otherwise for the market."

Parkinson also noted: "In no other place in the world is another such industry to be found; and the interesting part of the whole business is, how, when your expert fur dealers from the East send their agents out through the Northwest for skins of various kinds, you pick up bale after bale of Jim Wardner's catskins at different points along the coast, and when they reach you and your customers they become known as 'hood seals.'"

The Glasgow *Herald* estimated Wardner's immense supply of cats as enough "to supply all the old hags and beldames who have bestrode broomsticks and whirled dizzily around in the wild dances of 'Walpurgis Night' or at the diabolical orgies of the 'Witches Sabbath,' with Satanic companions into which to transform themselves, upon occasion, from the days of the old women at Endor to those of the prophetess of the Seattle fire."

Wardner saw his business prosper under Weller and so, leaving Weller in charge of the operation, Wardner took off to prospect for gold. Then something went awry. Wardner's business began to collapse. Getting enough food became a problem. In an economy move made supposedly under orders from Wardner, Weller boiled up some of the cats and fed the "soup" to other cats. The desperate, grisly scheme didn't work, and the obituary of this weird venture soon appeared in the Seattle *Times* under the headline:

Black Cat Company Sells Its Ranch

"We are reliably informed by Mr. Samuel Weller, late general manager and purveyor to Wardner's black cats, that the vicious and cannibalistic experiment of putting cat into cat by means of soup resulted disastrously to the cats. He says that Mr. Wardner's idea of an endless chain won't work in this industry. He says that any company can make a conservative profit raising black cats on fish and selling their hides only, but to use these cats as an article of food for one another is avarice, and promotes cannibalism."

The newspaper item concluded: "Good-bye, Mr. Weller! Good-bye to you! Good-bye to the cats forever. In good Latin, 'Scat, get out in peace!' "

Wardner later wrote of his black cat experiment, "Although the product did not equal my anticipation, I cannot blame Mr. Samuel Weller. If he finally erred in judgement it was from excessive zeal, and I forgive him."

But who is to forgive James F. Wardner?

James F. Wardner.

She was nine times a bride, so

THEY CALLED HER VIRGIN EM

By
DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

BACK IN frontier days in the Midwest, a pretty, vivacious girl named Emma made history by getting married — over and over. Even when she was no longer young, she kept getting married. So she is remembered as Virgin Em.

Her record was clean, as far as it can be traced in newspaper clippings based on the recollections of people who had known her. She had only one husband at a time, and there was no hint of homicide, although there was a rumor about a runaway team of horses.

Emma Eastman was born to Pennsylvania Dutch parents in the 1820s. They soon moved to Ohio — moving was pandemic; nobody had much to take along or much to leave behind, so why not pile onto a raft and see where the river took you?

In Ohio, at the brave age of sixteen, Emma set forth on her career of matrimony. She wed a man named Kellogg, and they pioneered up into Michigan. Mr. Kellogg was not long for this world, so the widowed Emma soon became Mrs. Cunningham. He wasn't a stayer either. Emma kept her eyes open and her signals flying, and this time she struck what gold prospectors farther West called "pay dirt."

Pay dirt's name was Peter Cameron, and he was Somebody. He came from Utica, New York, and his wagon was loaded with rich furs. Emma happily climbed in and traveled with him to the village and trading post that became La Crosse, Wisconsin.

One story says theirs was the first wedding there, in 1845. County records

don't show any marriages before 1851, but Peter Cameron's wedding to Emma Eastman Kellogg Cunningham attracted enough attention so that details were remembered. All the residents of the village — about fifteen people — attended. H. J. B. Miller, first Justice of the Peace in La Crosse County, pronounced Peter and Emma man and wife. A doctor named Bunnell signed the certificate as witness. The ceremony took place in a small log building that served as store, trading post, living quarters and courtroom for Judge Miller.

The bridegroom was an important man in those parts, dealing in furs and timber, and he was the brother of Angus Cameron, a former U.S. Senator. Emma and her spouse moved in high society, such as it was in frontier Wisconsin. Other wives might toil from kin-see to kaint-see — cooking, weaving, gardening and raising kids — but Emma was a free spirit with spare time. She was a crack shot and a fine rider. She liked to gallop down the village's only street on a spirited horse with a rifle across the front of her saddle.

She was a popular young woman — the life of the party at every gathering from a picnic to a funeral. She had an amiable disposition and a reputation for kindness and warm generosity. Add to this the recollection that she was a raving beauty, and our Emma is almost too good to be true. Here is one description that survives, in an old newspaper clipping: "Her complexion was delicate olive tint; she had large, black eyes, a well-shaped nose, a small mouth with thin lips, and teeth that rivaled pearls. Her hair was dark. Her hands and neck were white and plump; her feet were very small with high arches. Seldom was such an exquisite piece of womanhood seen in the early days in the west."

Another newspaper clipping remarked: "With her well-rounded curves and shapely ankles and small feet, she was a distinguished-looking woman, giving occasion for envy by many of the fair sex."

Life was not all parties and ankle-leering. Emma was no slouch in battle. One story says she stood side-by-side with her husband Peter, exchanging gunfire with river bandits. Another time, she caught a man stealing some of Peter's logs. She alerted her husband and tossed him a couple of guns. He killed the intruder.

One of her hottest battles took place after Peter Cameron died. He had done his best for Emma — had left her all his considerable property in Wisconsin and Minnesota, and she had the will. Peter's brother, Angus, the former Senator, claimed most of that property and fought for it in the frontier courts.

While the legal fight was in progress, Angus sneaked into Emma's house to snatch some deeds, but she was there, and she came shootin'. Angus left by way of a window, but Emma shot off one of his fingers. Later, Emma testified to this in court, with considerable satisfaction, adding that she had had $900 in gold coins in the house, too, cleverly hidden in a jar of plum preserves.

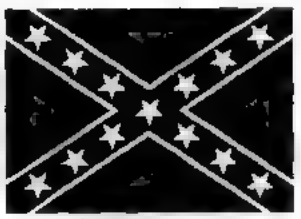
But Angus succeeded in getting a big whack of the property in question. Emma sold what was left for a team of horses, a wagon and some cash. She moved down the Mississippi River to McGregor, Iowa.

Since Cameron's death, Emma had been busy — she had married twice more. One of these bridegrooms was a dashing young rascal named Ralph Bowles, who had the unmitigated gall to run off and desert her. This must have been a devastating blow for the all-conquering Emma. The old stories about her agree that Bowles was later hanged as a horse thief. Sometimes justice prevails!

In the early 1860s, Emma married John Sharp, who was with her when she moved to McGregor. She had a sister living there. Someone remembered that Sharp owned a small farm there already. John and Emma settled down to farming, and, of course, John died. But Emma stayed there for the rest of her life, and on the property she established her own private graveyard.

My parents, too, farmed in McGregor, but they moved to western Montana when I was very young. My mother used to tell me about McGregor because she was homesick, and also because she had to keep me entertained or we'd never get the dishes done. I remember the strange place names that she mentioned fondly, like Elkader, Sni Magill and Giard; and the family names like Bickel and Adney, Elwell and Henderson, and Ary. The Ary kids were my cousins. They lived upriver at Guttenberg. And, of course, there was Virgin Em. Any mention of her made me giggle. Virgin Em was what people called her behind her back. To her face, as far back as McGregor could remember, she was called Aunt Emma (by children) or Mrs. Van Sickle.

THERE IS some question about whether she married one Van Sickle or two — Clinton and his brother Moses. The legend says she had nine husbands, and Moses has to be included to make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up that number, but nobody remembered details about him.

Clinton was killed in a runaway on Main Street in 1880, and Emma mourned him sincerely. My mother used to recite the verse that was inscribed on his gravestone:

"Clinty, my heart clings to thee, love
In heaven, I hope to meet above.
You was ever kind and true to me
So was I to you. Emma G.V."

The gravemarkers were not all alike; not all the dead that Emma gathered to rest there deserved equal treatment. But she brought some exhumed bodies of husbands from other places, and a few neighborhood children were also interred there.

A mysterious small marker in Emma's graveyard, apart from those of her late husbands, used to cause talk because nobody believed the inscription: "Peter D., son of Peter and Emma Cameron."

Nobody believed that Virgin Em had ever had a child. This sad, if phony, little grave might have come in handy as evidence if she had had any more legal battles with her former brother-in-law, Angus Cameron. Emma was one who always looked ahead.

She was fond of children. In later years, little girls who had become old ladies liked to remember going to call on "Aunt Emma" and being shown a trunk full of elegant dresses, relics of the time when she had Peter Cameron and money.

As she grew older, she had sad spells now and then. But she snapped out of her sorrow by promising to marry an even dozen husbands. She didn't quite make it.

Even as a very senior citizen, Emma liked to show off a trick she had learned as a girl: She jumped up and clicked her heels together before her feet hit the floor again. She was tickled to laughter when her young-girl visitors couldn't do it.

By the time Emma became the Widow Van Sickle, she was no longer young and beautiful, so her next courtship was by mail. The lucky man was Michael Stence, who, after some exchanges of letters, boarded a train and came over from Dubuque, Iowa. When he got a look at his bride-to-be, he seemed very sober and unenthusiastic, according to local memories, but Emma had enough enthusiasm for two. She hustled him over to the office of Carl Foster, J.P., and hollered up a couple of witnesses. Stence went through it like a man.

He was not Emma's last. That was a man named Wilson. A McGregor man named Herman Adney recalled her last wedding, many years later, because he and some other young rascals tried to give the newlyweds a charivari.

Emma's new man, Mr. Wilson, was in no mood for a charivari; he drove off the youthful attackers with a shotgun. Virgin Em, who wanted to go to bed, too, threw some rotten eggs at them. You can't help admiring Emma; she was prepared for almost anything.

Wilson outlived Emma. After she died in 1905 or 1906, he drove off in an old spring wagon drawn by an aged horse. Emma was buried by friends in the midst of those she had loved and lost, but no headstone was set to mark her grave.

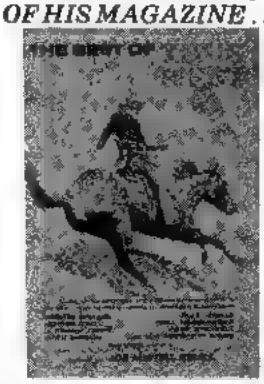
My mother told me that everybody in McGregor could tell when there had been a disagreement up at Em's place. The white gravemarkers in her private little cemetery would shine even whiter than usual, indicating that Virgin Em had indignantly sent out her erring spouse with a paintbrush and a bucket of whitewash. While he was neatening up the headstones of those who had gone before, he could contemplate his own sins.

The old newspaper clippings contain no hint that the much-married Emma ever sinned. Only good was spoken of her, although everybody admitted she was odd. There is just one little suggestion from a woman who, after Emma was safely under the sod, said there had been something queer about that runaway that killed Clinty Van Sickle. Those horses had been trained to run away, the way she heard it. But that's very unlikely. It wasn't even Emma's team.

Douglas Brown, who was born in McGregor in 1861, undertook to write her life story in verse, which was published in the local paper. This is his version of the death of Clinty:

"It was in the early eightys, there was a runaway; It happened there on Main Street in McGregor, Iowa. Some feather renervators had a team that made a dash Right up through Main Street, until there was a crash. Mr. Van Sickle and his wife were driving down the street And just below the Troutfetter store, the two rigs chanced to meet. Van Sickle was thrown up in the air and came down on his head. And when they picked the poor man up, they found that he was dead. She was not hurt so bad, but it was an awful shock; For days she sat in her rocking chair, and would rock and rock and rock. And what I've said is as I remember, though many years have passed away; So let us not judge — lest we be judged when we come to the Judgment Day."

FROM THE PAGES OF HIS MAGAZINE . . .



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A WORD FROM JEFF DYKES

Cowboy Culture — A Saga of Five Centuries by David Dary (Alfred A. Knopf, Dept. A.A.C., 201 E. 50th, New York, NY 10022, 384 pages, $17.95 hardcover, 6½ x 9½ inches).

The Old Bookaroos' secretary-treasurer, principal reviewer and editor has sired a most intriguing book! There are those who might suspect that one who has had a major hand in building a 12,000-volume range livestock collection for one of the great agricultural universities would be completely sated with cowboy reading. Not so! This reviewer found Dave's book both informative and entertaining. In fact, it can be truthfully said that he accomplished the almost impossible — he packed a five-century history of range cattle and their handlers in our country into a highly readable medium-sized book.

A long time ago J. Frank Dobie stated, "Civilization is said to follow the plow but west of the Mississippi, civilization followed the longhorns." The emphasis, long deserved but seldom accorded, on the Spanish contributions to our range industry, is much appreciated. In the chapters "The Spanish Roots," "Moving North," "The Californiano Culture," "The Texian Culture," "The Mixing of Cultures," and "Texas Trail North," the author records the spread of a culture, already old in Mexico, to our plains and mountain valleys and thus strongly endorses Dobie's contention.

There are chapters on trail driving, cow towns, ranch houses, bunkhouses and the opening of the northern ranges as the Indian Wars ended. The cowboys' gear and how it varied in deference to climate and custom, and cow horses receive due attention. It is all there — complete with well chosen examples from the best sources possible, the reminiscences of the cowboys and cattlemen.

Five maps and a number of drawings by Al Napoletano plus numerous photos enhance the text. The lengthy notes and a good bibliography will please the buffs who want to explore the authors' sources. A must for all range livestock and Western Americana collectors. — The Oldest Bookaroo

NEVADA REBEL

The Unspiked Rail: Memoir of a Nevada Rebel by Sally Springmeyer Zanjani (University of Nevada Press, Reno, NV 89507, 401 pages, $15.00, hardcover, 6 x 8 inches).

This is a biography of George Springmeyer based in part on his own recollections as dictated to the author, his daughter, in the early 1960s.

Springmeyer was born in the Carson Valley area in 1881. He grew up on a ranch. Springmeyer later went to college in Nevada, California and Massachusetts. With a law degree in hand, he returned to Nevada where he soon entered politics. He became known for his opposition to the Southern Pacific Railroad's powerful influence over state government.

Although Springmeyer lost the race for Nevada state attorney in 1910, he was appointed U.S. attorney in 1922. He fought an uphill battle against bootlegging and illegal liquor for three years.

The biography tells an interesting story of a man who was a rebel. It is a worthwhile contribution to the history of Nevada. The book has nineteen chapters plus notes, bibliography and index. Many illustrations are included. Recommended.

COWBOY COOKIN'

Cowboy Cookbook by Verne Carlson (Sonica Press, P.O. Box 42720, Los Angeles, CA 90042, 154 pages, $12.50 postpaid, hardcover, 8¼ x 8¼ inches).

This handsome new book is an excellent guide to cooking as it was practiced in the 19th century by those men who fed cowboys on the cattle drives north from Texas. The men who did the cooking used inexpensive food and simplicity in its preparation. The many recipes included are as worthwhile today as when they were used in the last century.

The book contains fourteen chapters plus a good index. The reader starting at the beginning will find a thumbnail sketch of the history of cowboy cookery, material on the chuckwagon box, stocking the chuckwagon, pans and irons, measures and methods of cooking. Then individual chapters follow on coffee, tea and cocoa, meat, biscuits, dumplings and corncakes, beans and chili, tomatoes, rice, potatoes and desserts.

The author observes that there are "no salads and only a few vegetables" mentioned in the book. "Most cowhands considered salad 'rabbit food' anyway, and to include salads would be false," writes Carlson.

In this age of inflation the book provides readers with many good ideas that could save cooking and food costs while still enjoying good food. Recommended.

SOUTHWESTERN WEAVING

Southwestern Weaving by Marian E. Rodee (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131, 176 pages, $14.95, heavy paper wrappers, 10 x 8 inches).

This is the second and revised edition of a book that first appeared in 1977. The book was the first description of a southwestern textile collection to be published since 1949. The collection is that of the Maxwell Museum.

The book focuses on rugs and wall hangings, most by Navajo Indians. A new introduction provides much historical background as well as useful hints on the care of such items.

The author follows the development of Southwestern weaving styles from 1800 to present. Many illustrations, some in color, add to the text. The book also includes weavings from northern Mexico.

A reading list is included. Unfortunately, there is no index.

CUSTER LEGENDS

Custer Legends by Lawrence A. Frost (Bowling Green University Popular Press, Bowling Green, OH 43403, 251 pages, $19.95 hardcover, $9.95 paperback, 9 x 6 inches).

The author, a well-known authority on General George Armstrong Custer and the Battle of the Little Big Horn,

(Continued on page 66)

By
LUCILE CANFIELD
Photos provided by author

WHY WOOLLIES GIVE MANKIND THE WILLIES

THE LITTLE BOOK has red leather covers that are limp and worn, but the "Ledger" stamped in gold on its cover is as bright as ever. Four inches wide by nine inches long, it will fit just fine in a suit coat pocket. The entries in pen and ink with the debits and credits balanced and ruled, gives fascinating glimpses into the sheep business of eastern Montana in the 1880s.

The book belonged to James W. Gilmore of Reading, Massachusetts. He had come up the Missouri River by steamboat to Fort Benton. Soon after the railroad built into Glendive he arrived in the new town on the Yellowstone.

At this time Dawson County was bounded on the north by Canada, on the east by Dakota, on the south by old Custer County, and on the west by the Musselshell River and after its juncture with the Missouri by a surveyor's line straight north to the Canadian border. Heap big.

Gilmore never owned a ranch. He never owned a band of sheep, though bands on the range from the Yellowstone to the Missouri would be sheared or sold and have notations entered in the little red ledger.

The first entry, dated 1888, records one-half wool sale of wether band, $1,822.49; three-fourths wool sale of ewe band, $3,021.90; two-thirds sale of pelts, $16.72. It shows that 548 lambs were sold at $2.25 a head and 88 wethers for $3.00

Another year the profit on muttons was $850 and the sale of pulled wool, $20.

One page dated 1888 shows one-half cost of wool sacks, $6.25; one-half cost of twine, $3.54; and one-half cost of shearing, $85 — and the sale of that wool brought him $1,022.04. He paid

Courtesy Anna Wuertz

Sheep at Gus Ritz's ranch. The barn is still standing, minus paint, shingles and stanchions.

taxes on his share of the sheep both in Montana and in Dakota.

Some of Gilmore's first purchases for men who ran sheep on shares were for "wagon and cover, $90.75; dogs, $10." He didn't itemize the grocery bills paid at the Douglas-Mead store in Glendive for the sheep ranchers, but articles shipped in would be as follows:

#43 ham @ 11½	$4.94
2 boxes raisins	1.60
96# B. Bacon @ 10 3/4	10.32
20# prunes @ 6¼	1.25
4# raspberries @ 19	.76
14# peaches @ 7½	1.05
12# butter	2.40
Freight and Drayage	2.75

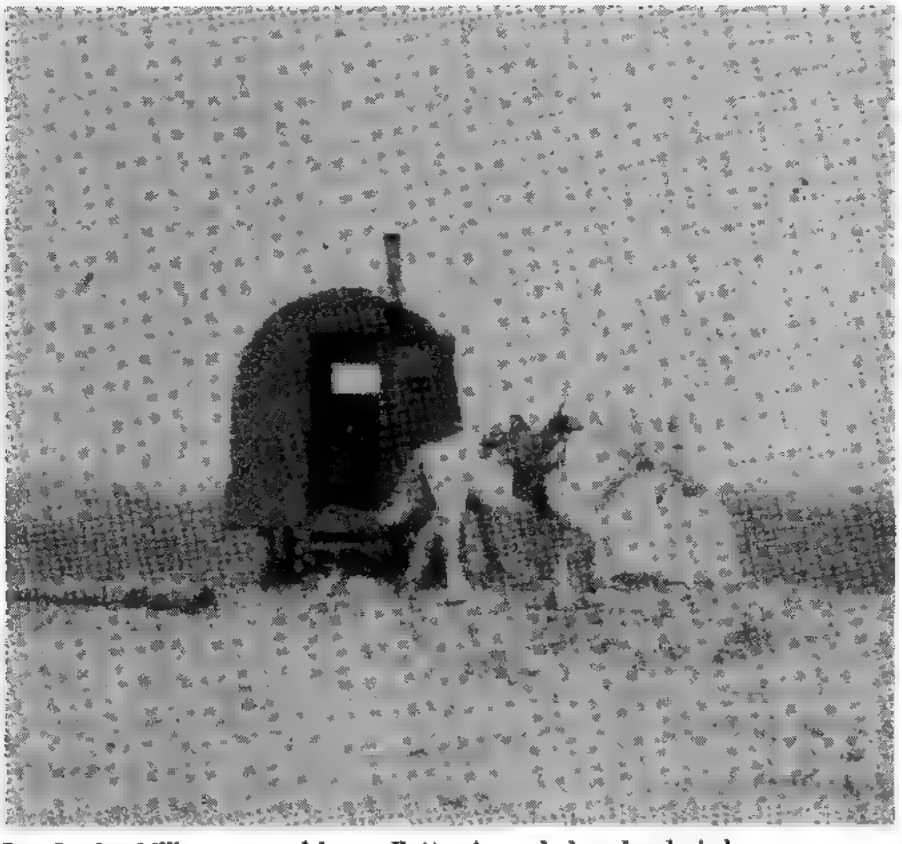
A great many pounds of maple sugar and dried apples by the barrel were both bought for eight cents a pound.

All sheep ranchers needed wagons, teams, saddle horses, and these are typical entries: spring wagon, $80; Democrat wagon, $63; tent, $25; set of harness, $15; fix buggy pole, $6.25; shoeing horse, $1; stable bill, $5.

Courtesy Richey Museum

Shearing at Gus Ritz's. The small gas motors were from washing machines and were usually used for tagging — cutting wool from eyes and on rear end. Hand clippers were used elsewhere.

Maybe nobody understands them. As one person admits, after long association, "All I know is that one sheep follows another sheep" . . .



Lee Luckenbill's camp and horse Betty. A good sheepherder's horse was one that wanted to eat all the time and stay put — not one that wandered off with range horses.

For one rancher Gilmore bought a gray horse, "Paddy" for $35. For another he bought "sorrel horses, $150." In 1891 he bought a wagon, harness and tent for $130.

He furnished other supplies such as salt, sulphur, dip, turpentine, flannel, canvas, irons, paint, sheep bells, and hay and oats for the bucks.

For the shearing there were shears, three pair, $2.80; sickle grinder, $5; wool sacks, ties, twine, rope, stockade lumber, sheds, fencing and the wages of the shearers.

In 1888 according to these records, sheep shearers received six cents a head but two years later this rose to eight cents. An owner bringing in his band to the shearing pens also paid two cents a head on his sheep for the board of the shearing crew. This meant that a rancher from East Redwater trailing into the Glendive pens with 5,000 head of sheep paid a $100 board bill plus his shearing fee.

IN 1896 wool sold for fifteen and a half cents. In 1899 it was seventeen cents but by 1901 wool was down to twelve and a half cents a pound. I noticed that the wool was sold in Glendive — no wool pool then and no shipping to a broker in Boston.

In an interview with Casey Wuertz,

Courtesy Richey Museum

Red Alec McKenzie shearing at John McClean's, Miles City. Lee Luckenbill is sacking (top).

old-time sheepman of our Richey area, he told me, "In 1932 wool sold for seven and a half cents. That year when I sheared I got a pound of wool to shear a sheep. Sheep were smaller in those days and they had bare bellies and no wool on their legs. Today we shear sheep clear to the hoof. This year I paid a dollar and a half a head to get my sheep sheared and twice that for bucks." He sold the wool for 96.42 cents a pound.

Casey also told me that in the old days a good worker could shear from eighty to one hundred sheep in a day by hand. "Kenneth Cisna," he said, "once sheared 1,100 in ten days."

Asked when sheepmen in Dawson county began using electric clippers, he answered "Well, old-timers like Percy Baldwin, John Harvey, and Gus Ritz wouldn't use a crew unless they sheared by hand. Then came World War II and they couldn't get hand clippers so they went to using machines."

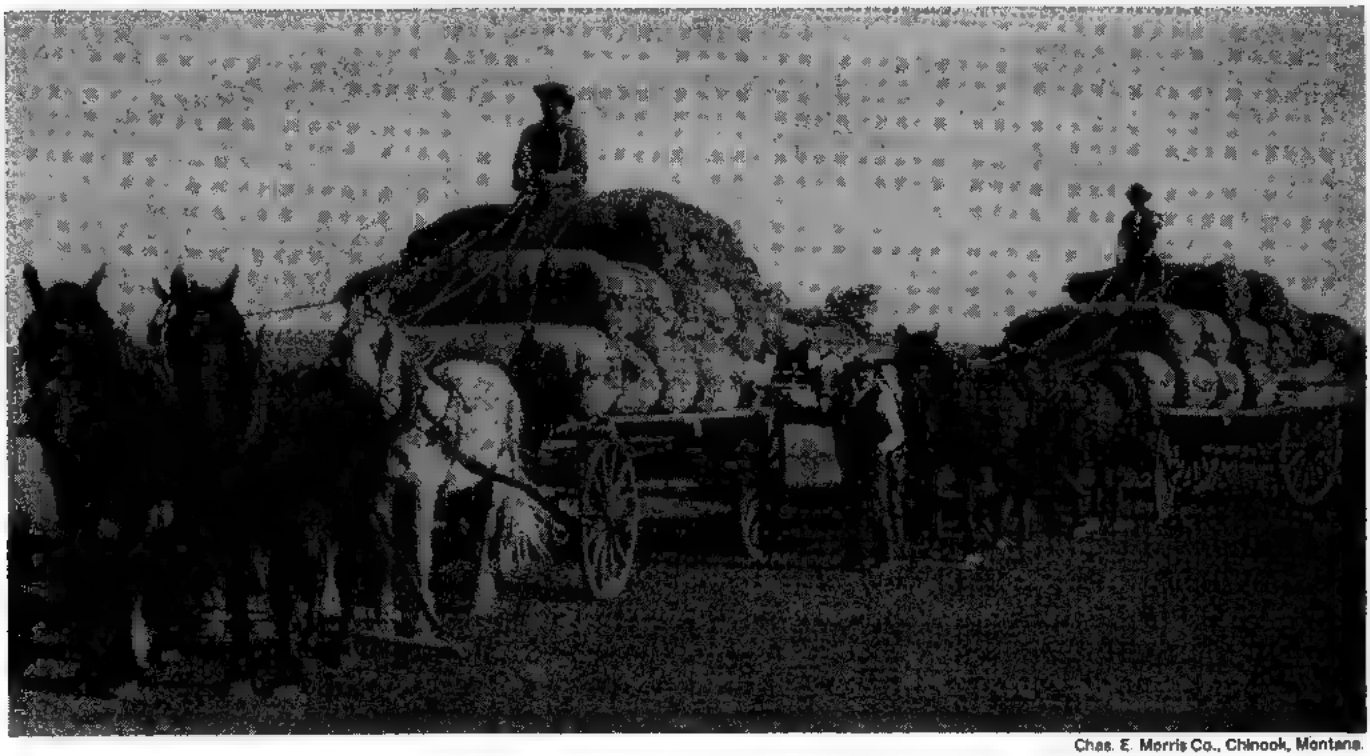
They didn't like electric clippers because, "They thought they sheared too close, and several had lost sheep when cold rains or a spring snowstorm hit too soon after shearing."

Gilmore's little book shows that shearing then was done mostly in June. This was after the spring lambing in May. Wool tiers got two dollars a day and so did the cook for the crew.

In 1892 there was an entry for "counting machines" for $7.50. When I asked Casey what a counting machine was he said he didn't know. "The way shearers usually kept track was to take

Courtesy Richey Museum

Price Babb herding sheep on Bancroft Springs, about 12 miles northeast of Richey, Montana. Price was originally from Tennessee. He went to Fort Buford and then on to Fort Benton where he herded for Lindsay.



Chas. E. Morris Co., Chinook, Montana.

Hauling wool to market.

100 strings and lay them over the top of the pen and when you finished shearing you counted the strings you had left. Then you knew the number you'd sheared."

This didn't always work, however, as once Casey counted his strings at noon and he only had forty left. He knew he hadn't sheared sixty sheep so he said, "Something's wrong." It was then they noticed a little boy playing with some of the strings.

Casey asked him, "Did you get those strings off the pole here?" The little fellow said, "Well, they're my grandpa's." "Yes," said Casey, "But he has to pay me ten cents for every one of them."

Eva Libby holds a tied fleece at Gus Ritz's. Pete Harriet is in background.

The strings were used to tie each fleece before being sacked and were a good way of keeping track of the number of sheep sheared.

I found out from Kenneth Cisna what a counting machine was. "It looked like an Ingersoll watch," he said. "It was round and fit in your hand. It had a trigger on it and you tripped it for each sheep. It worked like the counter on a hay baler does today."

Herders, of course, could estimate their bands pretty close because of the markers. Black lambs were always kept, said Mrs. Wuertz, and a black sheep for every one hundred sheep was the rule.

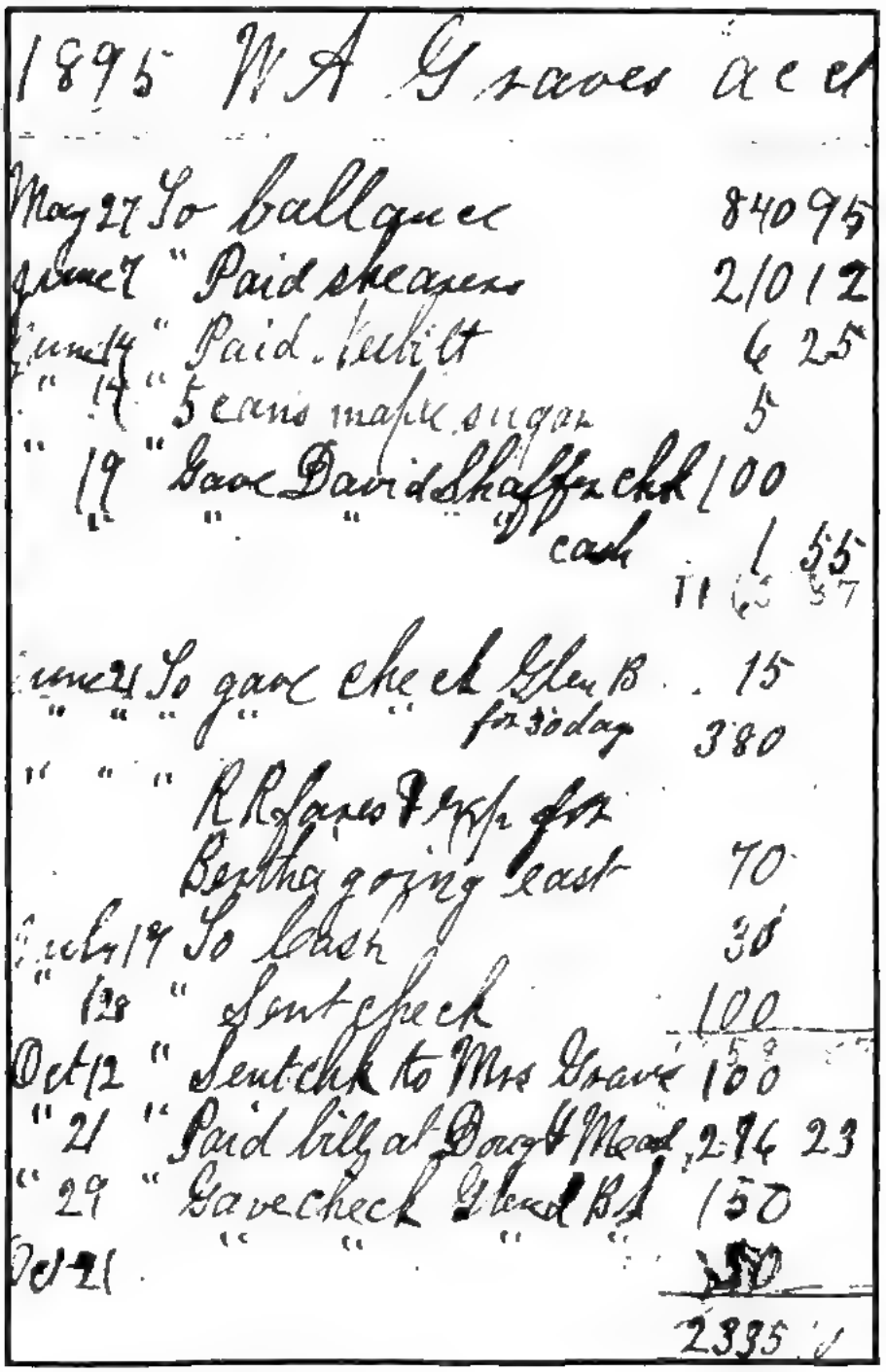
An entry in 1890 puzzles me. It is for "Farm Machinery, $144.88 and Freight on above, $19.21." It seems too much for a mower and a rake at that time. Could it be for a drill and plow for some sheepman wanting to put in a patch of oats?

WHAT KIND of sheep were raised here before 1900? The Ledger records show only the purchase and sale of Merino and Shropshire bucks.

In 1892 H.I. Libby, of Merrill and Libby, purchased 75 grade Merino at $8, five "Thoro. Shrops. Lambs @ $10" and five grade Shropshire at $5. (The Libby-Merrill ranch in Dawson county was on the north fork of Fox Creek west of Newlon. In 1887 they had purchased Little Mac MacDonald's ranch in the Judith on Cottonwood Creek which they didn't sell until 1909 to another big sheepman, Ole Osness. So with two headquarters it is presumed they did like many another sheep company,

Courtesy Mrs. E.H. Walker

E.H. "Doc" Walker moving John Harvey's sheepwagon. Doc was originally from Massachusetts and came into Richey country with Butterfield sheep from Musselshell. Children are Mary, Edith and Robert Walker.



1895 W A Graves Acct

May 27 To ballance 84 95
June 7 " Paid sheapers 2 10 12
" 14 " Paid Tebbitt 6 25
" 14 " 5 cans maple sugar 5
" 19 " Gave David Shaffer chk 1 00
" " " " " cash 1 55
11 37
June 21 To gave check Glen B 15
" " " " " for 30 day 3 80
" " " R R Lapse Exp for Bertha going East 70
July 14 To labor 30
" 28 " Sent check 1 00
Oct 12 " Sent chk to Mrs Graves 1 00
" 21 " Paid bill at Dougl Mead 2 94 23
" 29 " Gave check Glen B 1 50
Oct 21 " " " " " 50
23 35

A page from James W. Gilmore's ledger.

grazed their herds on public land clear across Montana. Little Mac had grazed his sheep clear to Minot, Dakota Territory to sell.)

Another volume buyer was C. Smith with 61 Merino bucks. Austin Dilts and Nichols bought 25 "Thoro. Merino @ $15". Other buyers were Frank Duplisia, Taylor John, and W.A. Graves. That year over 300 bucks were sold to ranchers in Dawson County. (Probably many of the smaller bands were descendants of sheep brought into Dawson County in 1885 by Juan Vaca and a half-breed herder. The *Stock Gazette* of Billings, July 23, 1885, and the *Glendive Independent* newspaper reported a hold-up of the two men while near Shadwell Creek near the Yellowstone. "Vaca left Las Vegas with 50,000 sheep and disposed of all but a few thousand on the drive north. The remainder are grazing near where he was held up. One robber was riding a mule and the other a horse." Vaca was robbed of around $60 and the herder of about half that.)

In 1894 Gilmore sold Wm. P. Norton 20 bucks. These were grade Merinos at $5 a head. Wm. Norton is credited in *Courage Enough* with having brought the first sheep into eastern Montana. Two thousand head were trailed in from the Black Hills in 1881 by Owen Lovering, retired buffalo hunter, and Benny Peer. Peer was a brother to Mrs. Norton and had recently been discharged from the army at Fort Buford. The three men, together with the army doctor at the Fort, Dr. Crampton, all held an interest in the sheep.

After the sheep came to the Norton ranch east of Sidney the Indians called the hills and bluffs east of the Yellowstone, "The Sheep Hills."

There were no bridges across the Yellowstone so the Norton wool had to be barged across the river, then hauled with four-horse outfits to the cable ferry at Glendive, then across the river again, to be finally loaded into railroad cars.

Gilmore rented the ranch of J.L. Perry on a yearly basis in 1890, rent $100 a year. His little red book shows the purchase of fence wire and a payment of $28.50 to have the fence built. A stove cost $32. He had sheds cleaned for $11. Two comforters cost $4.50; a cow, $30; 100 feet of lumber, $1.50; and four pieces of two by fours, 12 feet long, cost fifty cents. Logs cost him $15 and stable logs $20.

In 1896 he bought 44 logs from W.A. Graves for $4.40. He bought cotton lumber (cottonwood), 500 feet for $6. The Lovering brothers sold this lumber as they ha a steam engine and saw near the Buford bottoms. Later, when they attempted to bring the eighteen-ton engine across the Missouri River on the ice, they crossed where there had been

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a sandbar the fall before. But as the front wheels reached the far bank and started up, the entire weight of the engine was on the back wheels. The ice broke and the engine slid back into the deep water of the Missouri — no sand bar. The driver narrowly escaped, according to *Courage Enough*.

In 1895 W.B. Ricker evidently had a buck band for Gilmore mentions, "Herding 29 bucks for Graves, $21.75; Herding 25 bucks for Duplisia, $18.75; Herding 29 bucks for Cole, $21.75." Frank Duplisia had his headquarters on East Redwater; W.A. Graves was on Burns Creek, and E.D. Cole was near Tokna.

The Frank Lovering page, dated 1891, lists $434 worth of oats, at a penny and a half a pound, sold to various sheepmen with Mr. Gilmore endorsing the note.

NO CLUE is given as to what herders received for a monthly salary. The Ledger lists tobacco, or a dollar in cash, or railroad fare under the account of the herders' employer. Or perhaps an entry such as one in 1892: "Oct. 31, Man to drive bucks to Buford, $8.50" and below that entry is another, "Check to Kemmis, help drive bucks to Buford, $5.80."

Casey says one early-day sheepman reportly hired immigrants who couldn't speak English. He'd send them out with a sack of beans and a sack of prunes. Then he wouldn't tend camp for days. Cowboys would ride by but the herders couldn't ask them for anything, just wave their arms and jabber.

Coyotes and wolves were a problem and many herders kept one or two hounds besides a rifle. Two entries in Gilmore's book are for Sharps rifles. One for W.A. Graves ($6.25), his son still prizes.

Coyote hunters who used large packs of trained hounds in the winter when pelts were prime, would loan out pairs of dogs to ranchers for summer use — usually an older dog for a killer and a younger dog to catch and trip Mr. Coyote.

In the late 1930s an old sheep rancher, Dave Lowe, complained, "The radio is the worst ki-yote I have! The herder is in the wagon listening to the radio and leaves his sheep to the ki-yotes."

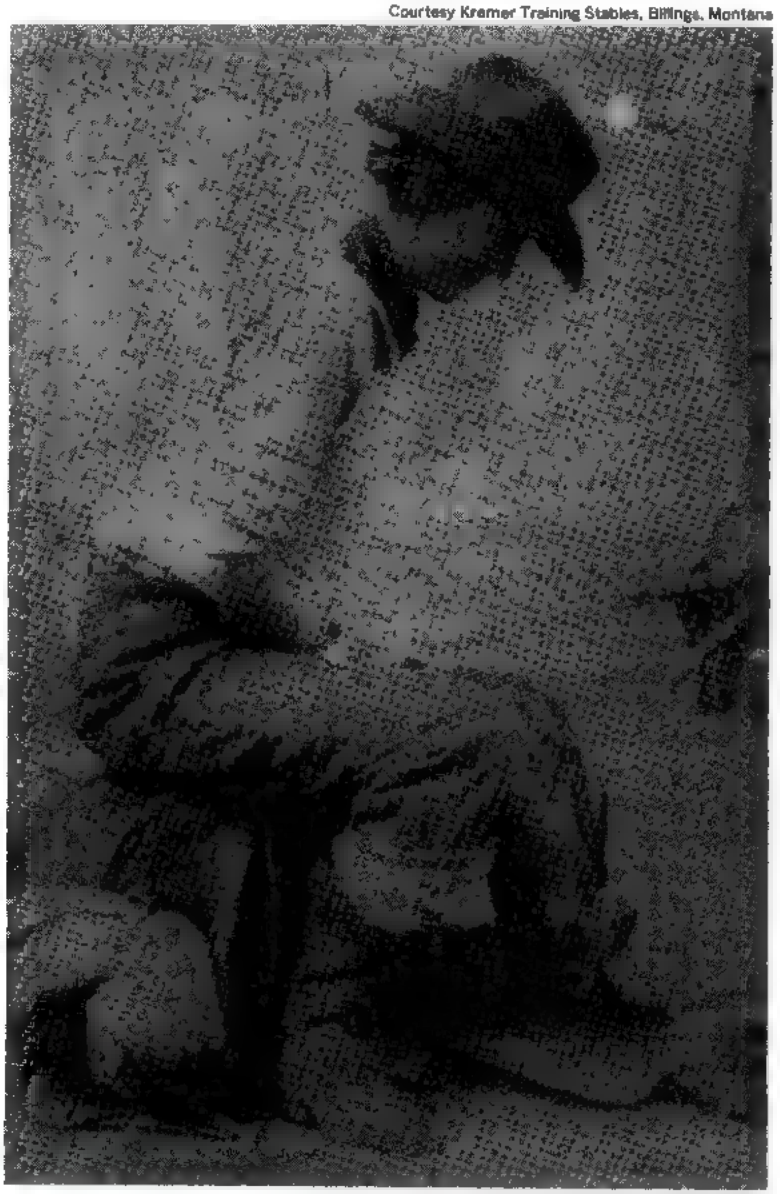
An old herder called "Boots" used to tell this story. He was riding his bay horse called "Old High" while herding sheep. He saw a coyote so he grabbed his hammer from the saddle strings, spurred Old High and took after it. The horse started to buck but as he pitched right alongside that coyote, so Boots claimed, Boots was able to swing the hammer at every pitch right on that coyote's head. When the coyote was dead Old High quit bucking.

A Wyoming woman told me that one time coyotes were bad in the breaks where her dad had sheep. He moved them out on the flats. In a day or so he had to go back to the bedgrounds to pick something up he'd left when he moved. On the way he met an old mama coyote packing a pup in her mouth, trotting right along in the sheep trail. Evidently she was going to move her litter a little closer to the groceries!

In the winter of 1905 my dad, Charley Bartlett, worked for Bill Bartley a sheepman, on East Redwater. Dad

Courtesy Joshua Wetsit

Courtesy Kramer Training Stables, Billings, Montana



Above: Chief First to Fly of the Assiniboine Tribe, Wolf Pt., Montana. Right: Violet, daughter of John Butterfield. She married Ed Brooks, a cowboy on the H S Ranch. She and Ed ran sheep for a while in "Sheep Mountain" country south of Circle, Montana.

drove four horses on a V-shaped snow plow made of plank and poles. He would start in the morning and make a big circle on the prairie and uncover the grass so the sheep, strung out behind him, would have better access to feed. Dad would come in around noon to unhitch but it took the sheep most of the day to graze their way back to the corrals. In the evening Old Bill Bartley would go outside with his shotgun and shoot it several times. He thought the powder scent kept coyotes away.

Another method many old-timers used to keep coyotes out of the bedgrounds was to rig up lights called "Ghost Lanterns." These were made by taking a square five-gallon kerosene can and making slits in each of the four sides. A lantern was hung inside. These cans were placed a half mile on each side of the band.

The Ghost lanterns had to swing free, so if hung on an ell with a swivel they would work better then when fastened to a post. Just hanging up a lantern wouldn't work because it shed a steady light and the coyotes got used to it. With the cans on a swivel the wind would move and turn the cans and the light would be seen only when the opening was directly toward you. Coyotes evidently thought this was a person walking. The lights were a little spooky as one moment you saw a light and the next moment you didn't.

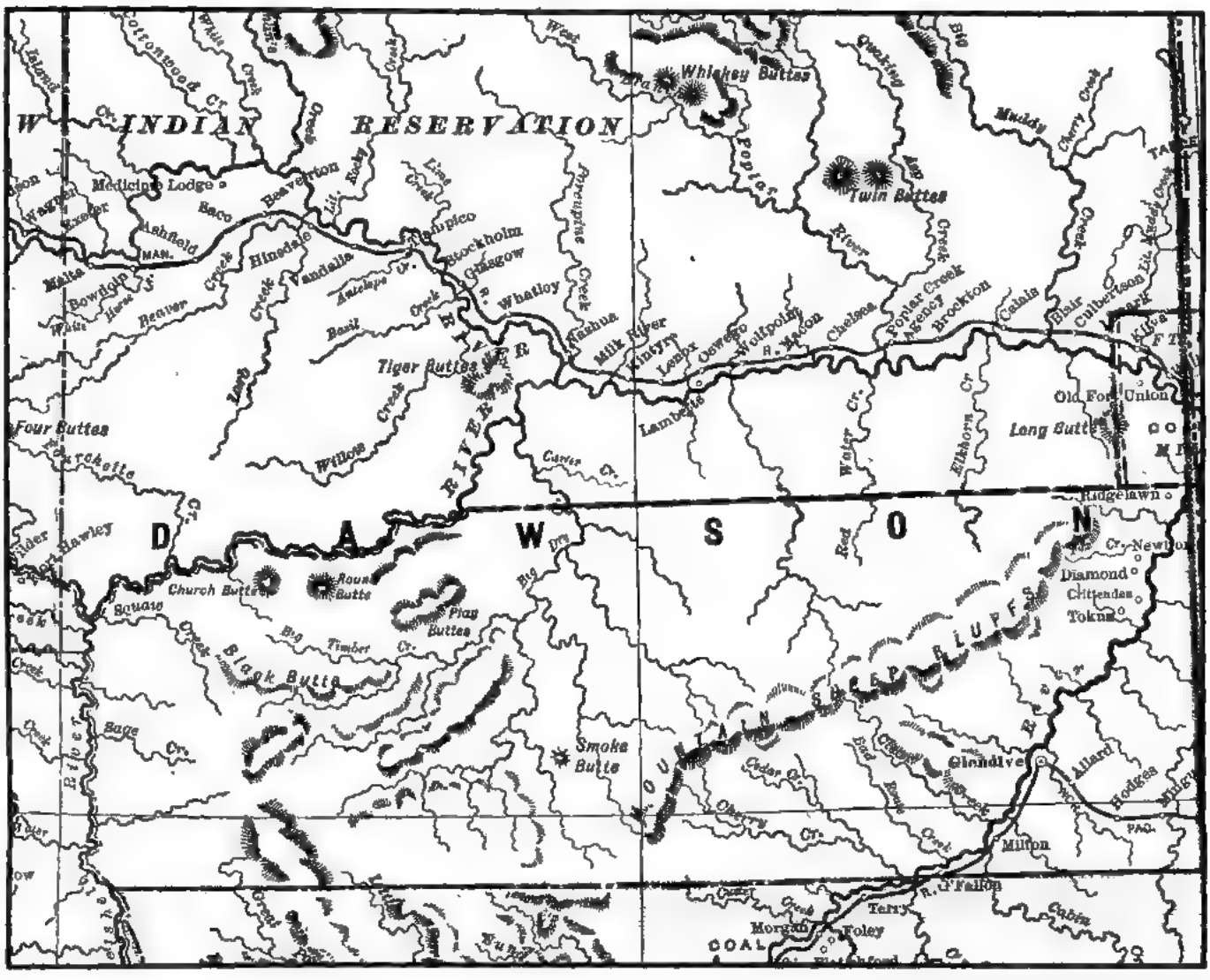
Sheepmen used to give Indians both groceries and money for any coyotes killed on their ranges. The Indians would get passes from their Agent, leave the reservation, and come and dig out coyote dens.

I remember one old fellow who trailed through with team, wagon, family and sadde horse. He said he knew of eighty-one dens from south of Glasgow over to the Redwater and south of Poplar. He told me the coyotes traveled in pairs until the female had her pups. Then she picked a spot on a side hill or coulee were it was sunny. She might clean out an old den or build a new one near it.

The mother never came back to the den the same way but when she left it she went directly to water. She changed dens if she thought danger threatened or if the flies got bad around an old den. Sometimes a young female from a previous litter would have pups in the same den.

When the state started to pay a bounty on coyotes it was only necessary to take the ears and top of the scalp to the sheriff to get your money. Then some clever seamstress started making ears out of the rest of the hide, so the state decreed the whole head had to be brought in.

IN AN INTERVIEW in 1943 with Joshua Wetsit of Oswego (the Assiniboine Chief First To Fly), he said the government once thought of issuing sheep to all Indians on the Fort Peck Reservation. Then the government discarded that idea and decided the Indians were to be issued cattle to run. Then the government (Indian Department) decided more money would be made by renting the Reservation grass



From Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888

Dawson County, Montana.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the big cattle outfits for a dollar a head a year. This was done.

Joshua also said that, of course, while 2,000 steers might be going in at one checkpoint, there would be several thousand more going in at another unchecked part of the Reservation.

In the Marias country many of the old-time ranchers would have "trail sections." These were sections of land bought from homesteaders or their own homesteading employees. They were so located that a drive could be made from the ranch to the "trail section" and they could camp there without farmers or nesters complaining about fences or crops. The Pugsleys had a trail section between their ranch and Chester. The Prescotts had them and used them in trailing from the Sweet Grass Hills to Conrad or Helena. Dawson County had none of these.

I asked Maggie Hilger Bawden what she knew about sheep. She now lives in Wolf Point but she came with her family, the Hilgers, from Canada to the Shelby country. She said the town of Shelby didn't have a school until the Hilgers came.

Her uncle, Henry Hilger, bankrolled sheepmen much as Mr. Gilmore did. And in Maggie's vivid vocabulary she told me, "All I know is that one GD sheep follows another GD sheep." She said when she was a little girl she had a pet lamb she could lead. Sheepmen coming to the shearing pens near Shelby gave her $5 a day and she would lead her lamb and the band would follow until all the pens were full.

Lambing was done in May on the open range in Dawson County. If an ewe wouldn't claim her lamb she would be caught and she and the lamb would be enclosed in a small teepee. Then with nothing else to look at she claimed her lamb.

I can remember when spring came with its blue skies and sparse green grass back in the thirties that the white lambing teepees, scattered here and there on the prairie, looked like spring flowers among the gray band of sheep.

Sometimes Gilmore would buy all the old sheep in a band. Sometimes he bought only the lambs. A 1902 entry shows he paid forty cents a head to W.L. Read to winter 875 lambs and then another forty cents a head for summering them.

Mrs. Walter Armstrong of Choteau told me that in early days no extra feed was given the lambing band and the ewes had it rough. The weakest twin was either knocked in the head or given as a "bum" to children to raise. Most ranch wives tried to raise a few, also.

I can remember seeing dead lambs stacked outside one of the J.B. Long sheds in a pile that was higher than I

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was on my saddle horse.

When Walter Armstrong had a sixty per cent lamb crop, his neighbors thought he did well. Walter kept taking better care of his ewes and the percentages increased. That year of 1935 when I was a neighbor he had over one hundred per cent and had his twin bands eating the best of alfalfa hay.

He was lambing in March in huge sheds with "jugs" (small wooden pens) up and down the center and sides. Thus the night man or day man could jug the ewe and her lamb or lambs, and paint on their number. If a night man went to sleep and let the ewes and lambs mix, he was soon sent down the road packing his bed.

In the 1880s Wm. Lindsay moved from the Fort Benton country to south of Poplar on East Redwater. Someone burned his hay stacks and he moved south of the H S ranch onto main Redwater. This provoked the ire of the Texans on the Circle Ranch farther up the river. The owner and foreman came to the H S ranch house to see about running Lindsay and his sheep out of the country.

And in Mrs. Grace Gilmore's *Pages of the Past* she tells of this meeting. She was then Mrs. Edward Marron. Ed Marron started the H S with Texas steers when it was just a bear hunting camp on the Redwater. His ranch and that of George McCone's had paid the only taxes the first year Glendive collected taxes outside the town.

Marron told the Texans, "They are on my range and I'll take care of it." The H S range had been the Redwater and land between the Missouri and the Yellowstone. Their drift fence was on the Yellowstone divide. Now, many herds, XIT, N-N, and the Circle were moving in on him. Mrs. Marron and Mrs. Lindsay were friends in that vast, lonely man's country. But Lindsay moved on to the Glendive area shortly thereafter and even ran for governor of Montana. The Texans, too, soon left and went to Canada.

Another sheep and cowboy squabble was on List Creek. Buck Taylor owned a half-section there. He had big horse corrals built there as he owned hundreds of horses. He had a wide wing of the corral out in the unfenced prairie that was leased by a sheep man.

One day Buck brought in a stud bunch and headed them into the wing and they kept right on through it. All the wires were cut. Buck had already had a few hot words with the sheepman when he found wool on his fences. So this time Buck's southern temper was blazing. The sheep were up by the shearing pens that day so Buck rode there, and he and the sheepman had a few words.

As Buck said, "I told him what I would do to him, his herder, and his sheep if I ever caught them in that place of mine. As I started to ride off I saw him run toward his wagon. I knew he kept a rifle there so I jerked out a fence post and galloped after him. I caught him before he got to the wagon. I aimed for his head but he threw up his arm and I broke it. So I knew he couldn't shoot me. And he kept his sheep off after that."

Neighbors say Buck got a suspended sentence from a cowboy judge, because the shearing crew were witnesses.

In the Miles City country two men shot each other to death after one had killed the other's dog, according to an old Glendive newspaper.

IT IS a crime in Montana for a herder to leave his band of sheep. He may quit only if a camp tender comes out to relieve him or if the owner sends out a replacement. Many herders have lost their lives trying to stay with their bands of sheep during blizzards.

We have ground blizzards. Whistling winds move the dry snow at furious speeds along the ground. Walter Armstrong said he'd been caught in one with a band of sheep. "You couldn't see the sheep at all. From my waist down was that whirling snow. The dogs would come back to me and I couldn't see them until they'd jump up and put their paws on me and raise their head out of that storm. I'd signal them and they'd disappear down in that haze and then pretty soon they'd come back. I could see a butte or two that stuck up out of the snow and we finally got the sheep into some shelter."

Once a heavy spring snow hit as a band of Gus Ritz's sheep were bedded on a ridge above Pasture Creek. The storm started about five one morning and the sheep began drifting with it. The snow was so heavy that many of the sheep started piling up and the herder, Pete Sully, went for help. Then of course, the sheep went everywhere.

The next few days men were digging out sheep from drifts by the roads, from cutbank shelters — one old ewe was found two weeks later under a small bridge still alive. Out of the 2,000 head only a hundred were lost. Casey said that Gus had planned to keep this ewe and her lamb as, Gus said, that was the kind of sheep needed in Montana; but after he took her home and gave her TLC she and her lamb were washed away in a big flood that same spring.

When I was a little girl there were "sheep herders monuments" on almost every ridge and butte in Dawson County. These were usually a high pile of rocks stacked on each other to the height of a tall man. Some say these were piled up because the herder didn't have anything else to do. Some say it was for shade when there wasn't a tree for miles, or for wind protection in an exposed place. Casey said you could usually find water close to the monuments because the herders built them while the sheep were on noon water. Whatever their origin they were also beacons and could and probably were used as guide posts.

According to Mr. Armstrong, if you were caught out in a blizzard and worst came to worst, you should unbutton your coat and take your arms out of the sleeves and then button up your coat with your arms next to your body. He said if you could keep your head and trunk warm enough, your feet might freeze but you wouldn't die.

Woolen clothing was worn then and winter herders wore heavy one-piece wool underwear. This garment was a job to wash as when you got it in the washtub and it soaked up the water you could barely lift part of it onto the washboard to soap and rub.

Herders wore heavy wool pants or Pendletons, wool shirts, a sheepskin vest, and over all a long sheepskin coat that came to the top of their four or five buckle cloth overshoes.

Mr. Armstrong said they sometimes used newspaper to wrap around under their outer clothing for insulation. The hands were covered with mits, sheepskin or sheepskin-lined horse or buffalo hide. Buffalo overcoats were used by ranchers but usually herders wore sheepskin. They had fur or sheepskin caps with ear lappers, and later on Scotch caps were used.

The winter camp wagon had extra thick canvas or two heavy layers over the bows, but it didn't hold heat very long. The little stove could have it very warm in the evening but by morning it was frigid even though the stove had been fired up several times in the night.

NO, Mr. Gilmore's little book can't tell me stories but when I mention something I saw in the Ledger, then stories are told to me.

"Remember Rico and the end of the world?"

Sancho Rico had slowly grazed his band to noon water at a large reservoir. Unnoticed by the county agent and a neighboring rancher who were trying to develop a spring just over a low ridge from the reservoir dam, the sheep were drinking peacefully. Rico was perched on Old Shine with one leg over the horn enjoying the warmth of the summer sun. Suddenly the roar of the dynamite blast shattered the silence.

And in Rico's words, "The world go boom! The sheep she run. Old Shine she jump and I fall on my —! I tink the

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world she end."

Ben Diedrich once asked my husband where he could buy smaller sheep. When my husband asked why he wanted smaller sheep when all other sheepmen wanted big ones, Ben said, "Well, I either have to clean my shed or get smaller sheep."

Another of my neighbors remembered when she was a bride living in a sheep wagon. "We got groceries and $40 a month. I was baking bread and it was just ready to go in the pans when the boss came to move the wagon to a new location. I worked the dough down again and held the pan on my lap while we moved. When they got the wagon finally settled into its new place I hurried the dough into pans and finally got it baked."

The story is told of another sheep man in the early days who was plowing a furrow around some of his range that lay next to that owned by Gus Ritz. Gus looked at the furrow and then took his pipe out of his mouth and asked, "What's the matter? Do you think my sheep too weak to cross that ditch?"

Gus had trailed his sheep into this country from Absaroka in the Indian days. He later started a bank in Richey and could be seen on its steps with his old coat on. From the pocket of this coat he might bankroll a sheep man who had just been turned down for a loan from the bank officials. Also its pockets held candy for little kids. He always had "boy" candy and "girl" candy and he would carefully sort out the right kind. (And then carefully put back any sheep pellets that he also kept there!)

Two old timers in the Richey country were Mama and Papa Luchsinger. They owned the drug store, the theatre, and a poolroom in Richey but also ran a band of sheep on the range. One day while Mama was running the pool room she began complaining to the men about the price she and her husband had recently had to pay for bucks. One of the men asked her how many bucks she'd bought. She told him. He said, "Mama, that aint enough bucks for your band," and Mama replied, "Vell, some of dem vill yust haf to go mitout."

Years ago an old sheepman up on Sand Creek told me that in the early days before homesteaders, he got off the train in Glendive and headed toward Redwater Valley. He was about sixteen. He knew he had an uncle, Ole Oleson, herdng sheep someplace on lower Redwater. So without food, money or a bedroll he started walking.

He got a ride part way up Deer Creek on a wagon and stayed that night at a ranch house. The next day or so he crossed the Yellowstone divide and came through the flats where Richey was later built.

He said it was just getting dark as he climbed the ridge above Pasture Creek. He couldn't see a house but away to the north he could see a light. He tried to keep it in view as he crossed the Redwater, and finally walked into the lantern light of his uncle's sheep wagon whose open door was to the south. The boy's seventy miles of prairie hiking had been successful.

A few women ranchers were represented in old Dawson County. Betty (or Betzy) Ross came here from the Stanford country with her sheep. Her brother, John Butterfield (kinsman of the Oregon Butterfield Stage Line owners), had some cattle and race horses on the east side of the Redwater but Mrs. Ross had her own headquarters. She kept the herders in line as if she were a man. But she left in 1915 and invested in property in the heart of what was to become one of California's largest cities. The story goes, she held a block of downtown Los Angeles.

Casey said that almost the same thing happened when one of the Harvey brothers died. His widow took her share of the sheep ranch and bought a big California hotel. It was a white elephant and at first she almost lost it for taxes, but Hollywood grew around it and made her rich.

I enjoyed the little Ledger and the memories it brought to others. Now I understand why the doughboys of World War I used to sing, "Take me baa-a-a-aack to old Montaaa-na."

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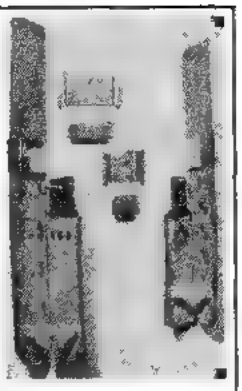

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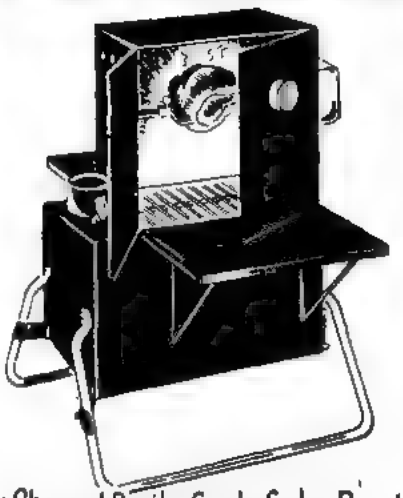

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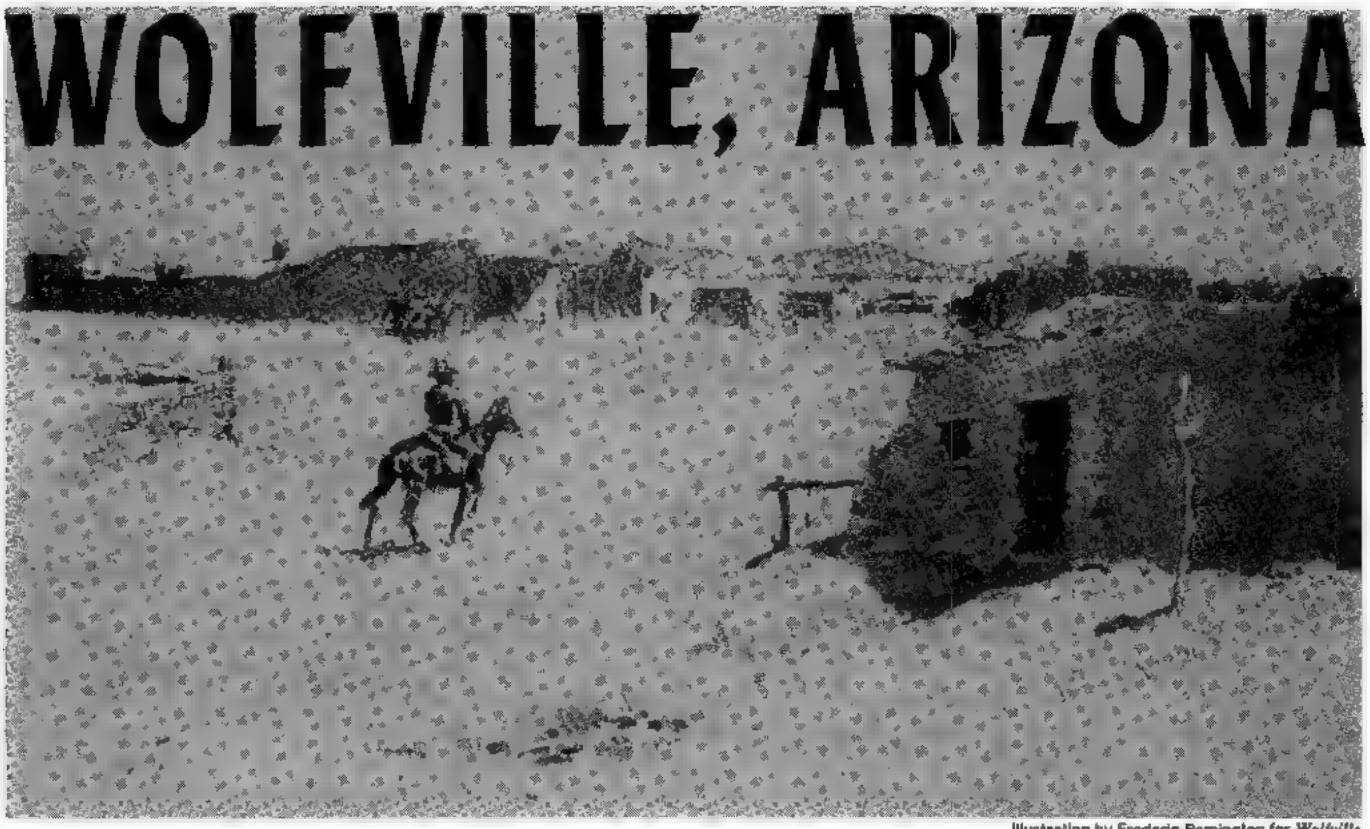


Illustration by Frederic Remington for *Wolfville*

WOLFVILLE, ARIZONA.

"LIFE AIN'T IN HOLDING A GOOD HAND BUT IN PLAYING A PORE HAND WELL"

By
R.R. WHITE
Illustrations provided by author

"These yere obsequies which I'm about mentionin' ", observed the Old Cattleman, "is the first real funeral Wolfville has."

WITH THESE LINES Alfred Henry Lewis introduced his book, *Wolfville*, in 1897. The book was a collection of humorous Western stories which Lewis had written for newspaper syndication over the previous seven years. They had been collected in book form at the urging of Lewis' friend, Theodore Roosevelt.

Wolfville was Lewis' name for Tombstone, Arizona. He had lived in Tombstone in the 1880s, during its heyday as a silver mining town. Lewis drifted into Tombstone as a cowhand looking for a job, but he apparently already had some thoughts about a writing career.

Alfred Henry Lewis was born in Ohio in 1858. He began practicing law in his early twenties, but in 1881 he gave up his career and went to Meade County, Kansas, to work on a cattle ranch. He later drifted south to Denison, Texas,and then westward to Colfax County, New Mexico, still working as a cowboy. In New Mexico, Lewis gained his first experience in journalism, working for a time with the two-man staff of *The Mora County Pioneer* and later serving as editor of *The Las Vegas Optic*.

Lewis arrived in Tombstone just a few years after the Earp-Clanton gunfight at the OK Corral. Everything in this frontier town must have seemed bigger than life to Lewis, and he obviously was a close observer of the mannerisms, language, and ideals of southern Arizona.

In 1885 Lewis returned to Kansas. He worked as a lawyer and as a real estate agent for several years, although there is some evidence that he periodically returned to Arizona. In 1890 Lewis spun a yarn based on his Arizona experiences to a newspaper editor in Kansas City. The editor offered to publish the story if Lewis would write it up. This first Wolfville story was so popular that the author was soon offered a position on the staff of the *Kansas City Star*.

Lewis was very successful in newspaper work, and in 1894 William Randolph Hearst offered him the position of chief of the Washington bureau of the *New York Journal*. After the publication of *Wolfville* in 1897, Lewis was able to leave newspaper work and concentrate on writing books. He did not return to the West again except for a trip in 1911 to El Paso, Texas, to report on the revolution in Mexico.

Although Alfred Henry Lewis and *Wolfville* are almost forgotten today,

the book was enormously popular at the turn of the century, going through twenty to thirty printings. Four other "Wolfville" books were published, including *Wolfville Days* (1902), *Wolfville Nights* (1902), *Wolfville Folks* (1908), and *Faro Nell and Her Friends* (1913). In addition, some Wolfville stories were published in *Sandburrs* (1898) and *The Black Lion Inn* (1903). Lewis wrote two other Western books which do not have a Wolfville setting; these are *The Sunset Trail* (1905), which is a fictionalized biography of Bat Masterson, and *The Throwback* (1906).

Lewis wrote nine other books which can be classified in general as Eastern books. These include biographies of John Paul Jones, Andrew Jackson, and Aaron Burr, and several books about New York politics. While the Wolfville books are absolutely timeless in their appeal, Lewis' Eastern books seem dated and unrewarding to the modern reader.

THE WOLFVILLE STORIES are told by a raconteur identified only as "the Old Cattleman." He speaks in a Western dialect which first confuses and then intrigues and delights the reader. In Wolfville time is not reckoned by the clock, but rather in terms of "second drink time" or "fifth drink time." Whiskey is known as "nose-paint" and vigilantes are referred to as the "stranglers" (both for obvious reasons). When *Wolfville Days* was printed in a British edition, the publisher added a glossary of Western terms, which is not too surprising, but he felt the need to define "coyote" as "an animal similar to the Asian wolf of India."

Wolfville is populated by an interesting group among whom are Old Man Enright, the unofficial leader of the town; Jack Moore, the sheriff; Doc Peets, the physician; Cherokee Hall, the faro dealer; and Old Monte, the stage driver and the town's official drunkard. The women in town include Tucson Jennie and Faro Nell. Faro Nell is young and beautiful, and although she works at the faro table in the Red Light Saloon, the reader is informed that she is pure and innocent as fresh-fallen snow. (Lewis was a firm believer in the Code of the West with regard to how women are treated.)

The Wolfville stories deal with every issue which would concern a Southwestern town, including gambling,

Illustration by Frederic Remington for *Wolfville*

Illustration by Frederic Remington for *Wolfville*

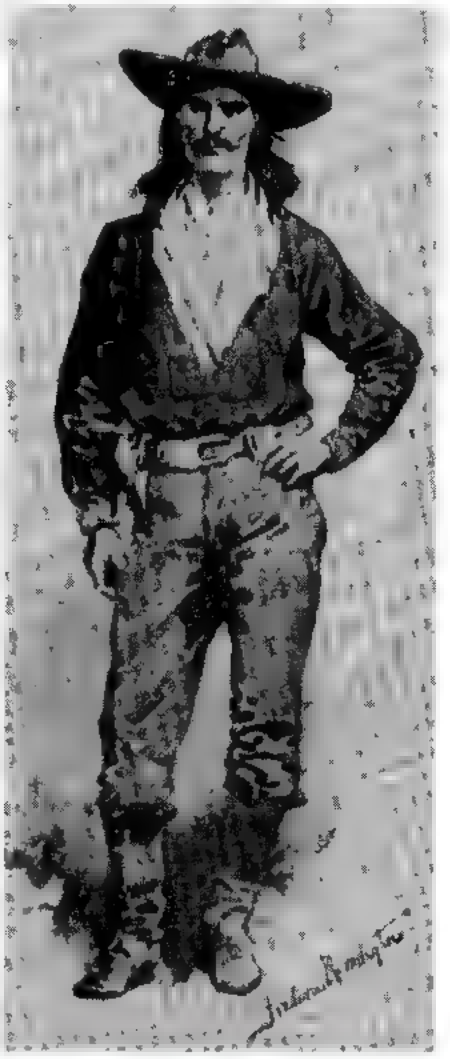
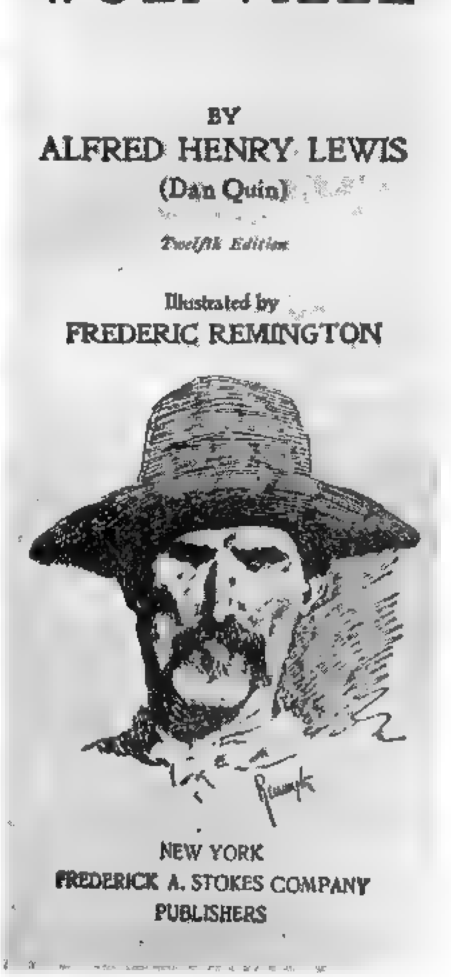


Illustration by Frederic Remington for The Black Lion Inn

OLD MAN ENRIGHT.



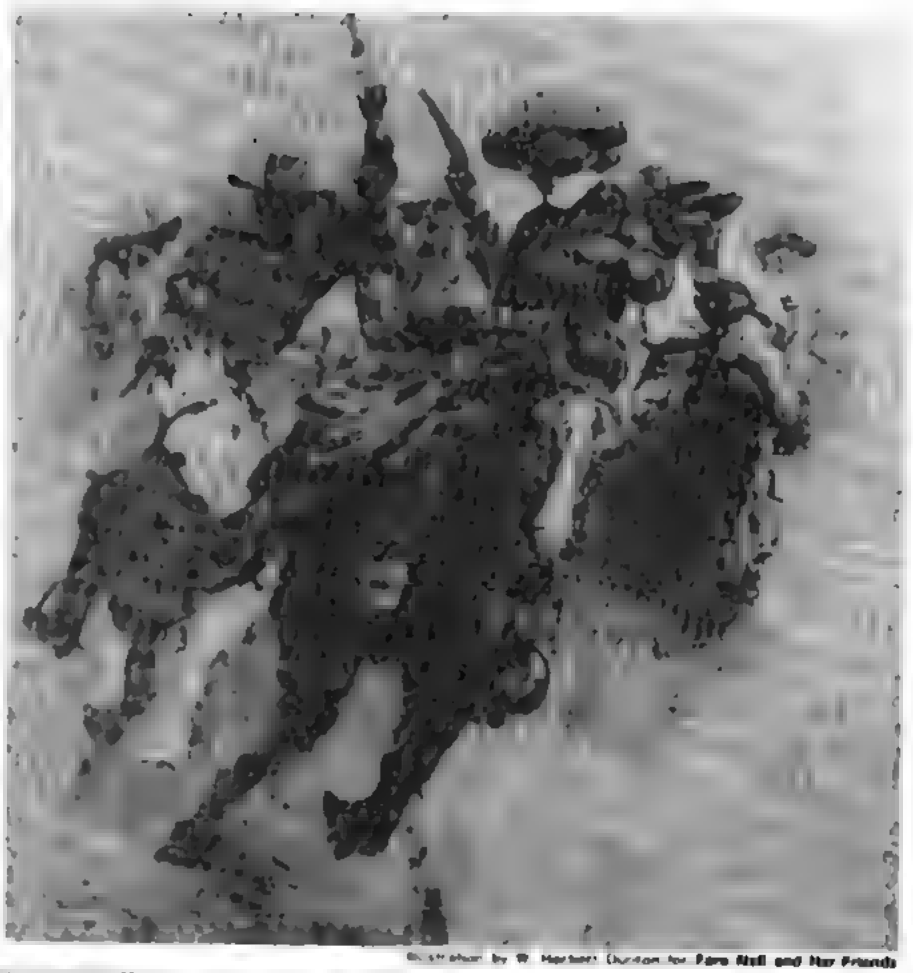
Vignette by Frederic Remington of Texas Thompson

Far left: OLD MAN ENRIGHT. Left: CHEROKEE HALL. Above: TITLE PAGE FOR *WOLFVILLE*, 1897.

drinking, shootings, hangings, Indian wars, newspaper journalism, an occasional love match, and such mundane things as who does the local laundry. Many of the stories take the form of reminiscences of one or more of the town's inhabitants, and thus occur in other localities; two of Lewis' best literary efforts fall in this category. One of these is "Death; and the Donna Ana" *(Wolfville Days)*, a remembrance of the Mexican War. The other is "Long Ago on the Rio Grande" *(Wolfville Nights)*, a story of the Confederate invasion of New Mexico during the Civil War.

Lewis often takes historical events or persons, changes the names, and locates them in Wolfville. For example, events from the life of Billy the Kid appear in a story entitled "The Dismissal of Silver Phil" *(Wolfville Nights)*. After being tried and sentenced to hang, Silver Phil (Billy the Kid) is being led from the courthouse when the following exchange occurs:

"'I ain't payin' much attention at the time,'— Silver Phil's talkin' to



Right: "THAR'S A BOMBARDMENT WHICH SOUNDS LIKE A BATTERY OF GATLINGS, THE WHOLE PUNCTCHOOATED BY A WHIRLWIND OF SINGLE 'WHOOPS!' " Below: "THEM THREE MEXICANS IS ELIMINATED."

Illustration by Frederic Remington for Wolfville

Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton for Pete Muller and His Friends

Left: WOLFVILLE WESTERN DAYS DOLLAR (Obverse). Copper dollar issued for the Tucson rodeo and Western Days celebration in 1933. Right: (Reverse).

Left: "PEDRO OF THE EAR," CRIED MOONLIGHT, "I OWED YOU THAT." Right: WE SEES THE TURNER PERSON ABOARD AN' WISHES HIM ALL KINDS OF LUCK.

Illustration by N.C. Wyeth for **The Throwback**

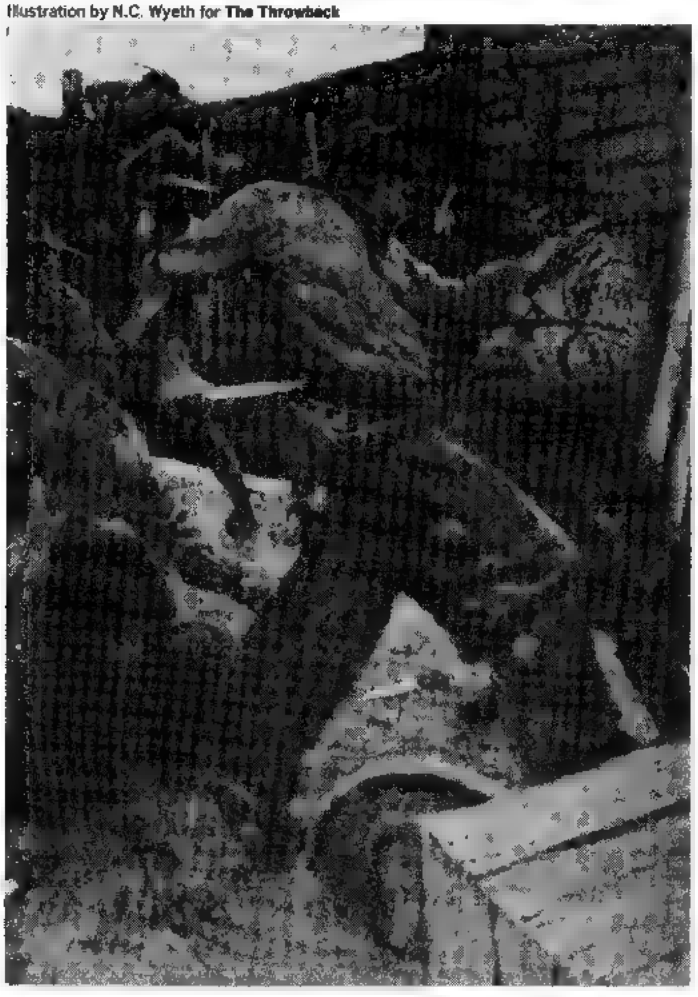


Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton for **Faro Nell and Her Friends**

that marshal gent, — 'bein' I'm thinkin' of something else, but do I onderstand that old grey sport on the bench to say you-all is to hang me next month?"

"'That's whatever!' assents this marshal gent, 'an' you can gamble a bloo stack that hangin' you is a bet we ain't none likely to overlook. Which we're out to put our whole grateful souls into the dooty.'

"'Now I thinks of it,' observes Silver Phil, 'I'm some averse to bein' hanged. I reckons, speakin' free an' free as between fellow sports, that in order for that execootion to be a blindin' success I'll have to be thar personal?"

"'It's one of the mighty few o'casions,' responds the marshal, 'when your absence would shorely dash an' damp the gen'ral joy. As you says, you'll have to be thar a heap personal when said hangin' occurs'"

Illustration by J.N. Marchand for Faro Nell and Her Friends

"ONLESS GIRLS IS BARRED," DECLARES FARO NELL, FROM HER PERCH ON THE CHAIR, "I'VE A NOTION TO TAKE A HAND."

Some of Lewis' most memorable stories deal with animals, as the following lines from "How Prince Hal Got Help" *(Wolfville Days)* demonstrate:

"What's that, Son? You-all thinks my stories smell some tall! You expresses doubts about anamiles conversin' with one another? That's where your're ignorant. All anamiles talks; they commoonicates the news to one another like hoomans. When I've been freightin' from Dodge down towards the Canadian, I had a eight-mule team. As shore as we're walkin' — as shore as I'm pinin' for a drink, I've listened to them mules gossip by the hour as we swings along the trail. Lots of times I saveyes what they says. Once I hears the off-leader tell his mate that the jockey stick is sawin' him onder the chin. I investigates an' finds the complaint troo an' relieves him. The nigh swing mule is a wit; and' all day long he'd be throwin' off remarks that keeps a ripple of laughter goin' up an' down the team. You-all finds trouble creditin' them statements. Fact, jest the same, I've laughed at the jokes of that swing mule myse'f; an' even Jerry, the off wheeler, who's a cynic that a-way, couldn't repress a smile. Shore! anamiles talks all the time; it's only that we-all hoomans ain't eddicated to onderstand.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS in Lewis' books are of particular interest, as they were done by some of the finest artists of that time, among whom were Frederic Remington, J.N. Marchand, W. Herbert Dunton, and N.C. Wyeth.

Frederic Remington stands at the summit of fame in Western art today, as he did at the turn of the century when he illustrated three of Lewis' books. Remington did nineteen illustrations for *Wolfville*, a frontispiece for *Wolfville Days*, and fifteen illustrations for *The Black Lion Inn*. Some of Remington's illustrations depict action scenes described in the stories, but he preferred to do vignettes of the individual characters. In the preface to *Wolfville*, Lewis said that friends" . . . urged an elaboration of the personal characteristics of Old Man Enright, Doc Peets, Cherokee Hall, Moore, Tutt, Boggs, Faro Nell, Old Monte, and Texas Thompson. I have, however, concluded to leave all these matters to the illustrations of Mr. Remington and the imaginations of those who read." Conspicuously absent from the list of Remington's illustrations is a picture of Faro Nell; possibly he did not trust his abilities to portray the fairest flower of Wolfville.

John N. Marchand was a highly competent illustrator who spent his childhood in the Indian Territory. Even after moving to New York to work as an illustrator, he frequently made trips to the West. He did seven illustrations for *Faro Nell and Her Friends*. Marchand was seemingly fascinated with the character of Faro Nell, picturing her time and again with obvious devotion.

W. Herbert (Buck) Dunton was one of the founders of the Taos Society of Artists in 1915. He spent most of the last two decades of his life in New Mexico, painting pictures of a Western frontier which was rapidly disappearing. The cowboy action pictures which he favored made him a natural choice to illustrate some of the Wolfville books. He did the frontispiece for *Wolfville Folks*, five illustrations for *Faro Nell and Her Friends*, and other illustrations which appeared with some of the Wolfville stories in magazines.

N. C. Wyeth, one of the most popular artists of this century, did four illustrations for Lewis' book, *The Throwback*. This book was published in 1906, so these illustrations represent very early work in Wyeth's career, and may have been done just after the artist's first trip to the West in 1904.

This article began with the first lines of "Wolfville's First Funeral," which describes the death and burial of Jack King. Jack's demise was "accompanied by the report of a Colt's forty-five," immediately after he tried to "make a flush beat a tray full for seven hundred dollars." The citizens of Wolfville thoughtfully erected a headstone on the grave with the following inscription:

LIFE AIN'T IN HOLDING A GOOD HAND
BUT IN PLAYING A PORE HAND WELL

It was Alfred Henry Lewis' own epitaph at his death on Christmas Eve, 1914.

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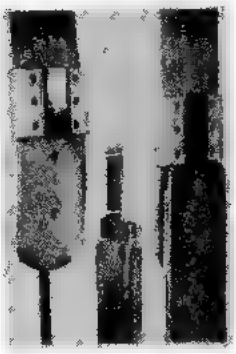

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ISAAC ROUSE

With an unwavering should get along, a frontier

By
GRACE NIES FLETCHER
Photos provided by author

ISAAC ROUSE, came to Fort Worth in a covered wagon over a hundred years ago, in 1872. It took strong men with a sense of humor to tame a state as big as Texas, men from both North and South, from all over the country. Pioneers did their own thing, not asking the federal government could they breathe, please. Nor were they afraid to let their children pray in school. And they built well. The big white house which Isaac built for himself on Second Street still stands proudly among today's Fort Worth skyscrapers.

I often visited him when I was a child. We used to sit together on the wide veranda running all around his house, while he told me stories of old Fort Worth: how the dust from the Longhorns going by his house on the Chisholm Trail was so thick you could hardly breathe; and of how the cowboys shot out the kerosene streetlamp on the corner for sheer joy of a cold drink and a warm woman waiting for them in Hell's Half Acre.

Isaac Rouse about 1869.

"I had two strikes against me when I came down here so soon after the war," Isaac told me. "I was an orphan with only a few coins jingling in my pocket and a barrel of apples to sell for ready cash. I'd fought in the Grand Army of the Republic since I was sixteen. But I wasn't any carpetbagger," he insisted. "My folks had been killed in a horse and buggy accident when I was a baby and Colonel Rouse of Rouse's Point, New York had adopted me. He was good to me, though he wouldn't even tell me my born name.

"I wanted to build me a home of my own in a place big enough so a man could become whatever it was in him to be. To raise me a son named Isaac so I'd never be alone again. And that meant Texas. But I might not have realized my dream except for what happened to me just after Appomattox.

"One cold dark night I was on guard duty in front of General Grant's headquarters tent that had been moved to near Washington, D.C., from Virginia. Suddenly I heard the sound of hoofs coming toward me; my hand tightened on my rifle but all I could see was a very small donkey ridden by a tall man whose feet almost grazed the ground. He wore a shawl around his shoulders, and as he neared the tent light, I could see that the lines in his face were deep and sad."

"'Ev'ning, Son,' said Abraham Lincoln.

"I was so awed I almost forgot to salute my Commander-in-Chief. He'd called me, 'Son.' If Old Abe had lived, things would've been different; he'd have gentled ALL his sons, North and South, back into the same family.

"So what was to prevent *me* from trying a little neighboring, too? Johnny Rebs and Damyankees sure bled alike,"

OF FORT WORTH

conviction that everybody he won the respect of cowtown . . .

he said, remembering Gettysburg where he had been wounded.

WHEN Isaac was mustered out in 1865, he was given his horse, Sprite, and a bounty of fifty dollars. Together they ambled north to return the gold watch that Colonel Rouse had lent Isaac for the war, but they never made New York. For Isaac went into the small post office in Good Hope, Illinois to mail a letter, and fell in love at first sight with the postmistress, Susan Blandin. Her eyes were the color of bluebonnets and her voice was the softest that Isaac had ever heard. Hearing Susan talk was like stroking velvet.

Isaac pushed his army cap onto the back of his curly head and gave her a smile which lit up his face like a kerosene lamp.

"I'm Corporal Isaac Rouse," he told her. "I figured on riding home to New York, but this looks like a nice little town. I wonder — I mean — You're the prettiest girl I ever saw!" he blurted "If I get a job here, will you marry me? Then we'll go to Texas to make our fortune!"

"Yes, Isaac," Susan said, as she was to say so often in the years to come. It was like two parts of a whole coming together. He was twenty and she was eighteen, a time for dreams and adventure.

It took Isaac and Susan seven years to save enough cash to buy three more horses to help Sprite drag the Conestoga wagon to Dallas.

"What if they don't want us so soon after the war?" Susan wailed.

"You make friends by being friendly," Isaac assured her. "Methodists, aren't we? All we have to do is to go to the Methodist Church South and give them our membership letters."

"Yes, Isaac," Susan said.

So they set out from Good Hope to drive the 800 long, hot, dusty, miles to Texas. By now there were Isaac and Susan; their two daughters, Myrtie six years old, and Gay only four months; also Myrtie's puppy, Spot.

Susan had baked seven dozen sugar cookies for the children and put them in a great heavy earthenware jar to last the trip. The wagon carried also a big canvas container to keep the water moderately cool, and plenty of ammunition for Isaac's rifle and forty-five. The Indians didn't bother them much; the family glimpsed them only like a dark cloud on the horizon. Their only tragedy was losing Spot. Isaac drove back five miles to try to find him. They called, "Here, Spot!" "Come, Spot!" all the way, but no one barked. Finally they had to turn back. To comfort the weeping Myrtie, Susan went to the cookie jar, took off the heavy lid, and found Spot lying there dead. The jar's lid must have fallen down on his head and he'd suffocated. Myrtie wailed louder than ever, not only for Spot but because Susan wouldn't let her eat the

Myrtle Rouse (Miss Fort Worth) in 1888.

cookies!

When they finally got to Dallas, the housewives refused to pay Isaac's price for his barrel of apples, so they went on to Fort Worth where soldiers at the fort up on the high bluff bought his fruit hungrily. So Isaac had a few dollars in his pocket. At first they lived in the wagon, then he got a good job in a meat market and built himself the big white house on Second Street with a whole town block for a lawn.

The Methodists were polite, not what you'd call friendly. The first time Myrtie went to Sunday School at the Methodist Church South, she came home crying because the kids had called her a "stinking Damyankee."

Isaac sighed and put his arm around her. "Quit howling. There's a new church just built, down on Fourth Street, only two blocks from here. I'll take you there next Sunday."

The church was only one large room with a platform at one end and a balcony on the other, but the welcome was cordial. Its members were mostly newcomers also and Isaac proved so congenial that soon they elected him a trustee. But he was not satisfied; he wanted his Confederate neighbors to accept him, also.

He soon had his chance to get acquainted, for Fort Worth too had a dream. If the Texas and Pacific Railroad extended its rails to the town so cotton and beef could be shipped north, Fort Worth would become a great city. According to the agreement, the rails had to be laid by July 19, 1876 and it was soon apparent that the T & P workers couldn't make it alone.

All the able-bodied men in town pitched in to help, Isaac among them. Time slid by so fast that the men digging, pounding rails, and setting ties couldn't even go home to eat, so Susan and the other wives brought them fried chicken, coffee, and iced lemonade. On the last day of grace, the men frantically laid the rails on the bare ground with only stones between them.

When the woodburning old Locomotive Number 20 wabbled into view, people shouted and shot off their forty-fives happily. Isaac's next door neighbor pounded him on the shoulder, yelling, "We did it! We made it, Ike!"

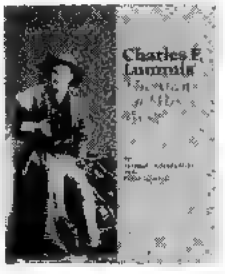
AFTER THAT, things were easier but Isaac was still stubbornly himself. He bought a ranch twenty miles south of town and stocked it with (of all things) 10,000 sheep! This was hardly popular with the cattlemen accustomed to grazing their Longhorns free on the open prairie, for sheep nibble the grass too closely for cattle to eat. Someone warned Isaac that Fort Worth cattlemen were coming out from town to run him off his sheep ranch.

Isaac scratched his curly head thoughtfully and rode out on Sprite to the only store between him and Fort Worth. He bought sugar, a bag of flour, and all the ammunition the storekeeper had.

When he got back he found Susan in hysterics holding a big black frying pan, with a still wriggling rattler at her feet, and the new baby Ethel, yelling her head off.

"I killed it with my frying pan," Susan sobbed. "It was crawling right up the leg of the crib!"

"Here!" Isaac said urgently. He handed her a rifle instead of a frying pan. Through the open window he could hear sounds of approaching horses feet thundering over the prairie. He shocked her sober by explaining, "The cattlemen are coming here to run us off the ranch. But shoot high. We don't want to kill anyone." Then he rushed off to arm his Mexican sheep herders.



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There were ten cattlemen, riding hard in the hot Texas sun, and shouting. But they too shot high, for all they wanted was to scare Isaac's sheep out of there. The sheep milled dumbly around, the cattlemen made a hell of a racket, and the July sun shone hotter and hotter. Finally, they ran out of ammunition. The leader of the cattlemen wiped his face with his red cotton handkerchief and suggested, "There's a store back there a piece. Let's go get a cold drink and some more shells."

But when they arrived, the storekeeper said, "All I got is lukewarm lemonade my wife made, no ice. I ain't got no ammunition, neither. Isaac Rouse bought it all up. But I'll have some more on Friday."

The cattlemen stared at the storekeeper and they began to laugh. They laughed and laughed and then one suggested, "Hell, let's go back to town and get us a cold beer. We can come back another day."

But they never returned and the whole town chuckled at Isaac's shrewdness.

He couldn't control the weather, however. That November a terrible norther, spitting hail and wind, roared down on the prairie and froze most of Isaac's sheep into large ice cubes.

"What on earth can we do?" Isaac asked Susan. "I got to get some ready money quick!" His chief concern was that Myrtie was off in Ohio, learning to play the piano, and nothing must interrupt her studies.

He grabbed up a frozen lamb, another, and another till his biggest wagon was full and drove grimly to Fort Worth to sell his mutton before it thawed. In fact he built a meat market on his side lawn on Second Street and people came to buy, for Isaac gave good weight and listened to their troubles. But it wasn't enough to meet his needs.

Susan tried to sell children's dictionaries to help. She was so shy that when she called on someone and didn't make a sale she'd come out into the street and vomit. But together they made it, and Myrtie went right on playing the piano in Ohio. When she graduated, she came home and married Lee Nies from Dallas. Then they went East so he could attend Boston University School of Theology.

"You can't win," Isaac mused. "You work and sweat for a child and she walks out on you. I've got three girls but no boy to carry on my name. Maybe when Myrtie has a baby —" But the first grandchild turned out to be a girl. When Myrtie wrote that she was expecting her second child, Isaac wrote to Boston hopefully. "Why don't you come back home and have your baby here with old Doctor Beall? I'll pay all expenses."

So Myrtie went home to Fort Worth. When her baby was born, Isaac rushed right out on his veranda and yelled across the street to his sister-in-law, "Isaac Rouse Junior is here!"

Myrtie wanted to name the boy for his father, Lee, but she didn't have the heart to disappoint Isaac after his long wait for a son. So Isaac Rouse Nies the baby became. He was so hefty — thirteen pounds at birth — that Myrtie on her way back to Boston had to tip the porter when she needed help to lift Ike out of his basket.

IN 1880, only eight years since he'd come from the North, Isaac was elected alderman in Fort Worth. He came to office on the coattails of a reform mayor who wanted to get rid of the pigs running down the muddy streets and even into the courthouse corridors; he

also promised to get some law and order. Gamblers worked on the sidewalks. When the cowboys, tired and thirsty after the long, lonely trail, roared into town, they rushed to park their Longhorns in the cattle yards and hurried back to Hell's Half Acre in the center of Fort Worth. It had 400 prostitutes and 40 saloons! The new mayor wanted to tear the place down. The climax came when a drunken cowboy dragged the wife of a well-known businessman right off the sidewalk!

"Hell's Half Acre has to go," the mayor and the shocked citizens decided. "We can't have such goings on."

It was the custom for a successful candidate to buy his workers a celebration drink. Isaac neither drank nor smoked cigars, but he chewed tobacco which made him tolerant of other people's foibles. So after his election they all trooped to the Last Chance Saloon where Isaac paid for the drinks and then excused himself to go to the men's room. There he calmly climbed out the window and went home.

Susan was upset when he told her what he had done. "They'll be some mad when they miss you, Isaac," she said nervously. "They'll come here to get you!"

Sure enough, they did. Half an hour later there was a great ruckus on Second Street, an angry clatter of horses' feet, men shooting off their guns and yelling for Isaac. It was worse than a shivaree. "You better get inside," Isaac told Susan as they stood in the shadow on the veranda. But for once Susan said, "No. I'm staying right here with you!" Little Ethel was so scared that she slid under her mother's voluminous skirt.

The riders pulled up right in front of the house, yelling, "We want Ike! We want Alderman Ike!"

Isaac stepped out of the shadows so they could see him. But they didn't shoot; they sang lustily, "For he's a jolly good fellow —"

Forty years later, I learned what had happened when the town voted to tear down Hell's Half Acre to make way for a big convention center. I was on my way to Japan to write a book about Maki Hitotsuyanagi, who had resigned from the Emperor's household to marry an American just before Pearl Harbor. I always stopped in Fort Worth to see my relatives, when I was enroute to the Orient. This time I was visiting my favorite cousin, Mary Sligar, whose husband worked for Amon Carter, when the phone rang. Mary answered and then handed me the receiver.

"It's for you," she said. "The *Star-Telegram*."

A strange voice asked, "Are you the grand-daughter of Isaac Rouse who used to be alderman here?"

"Well, yes. But he's over in Oakwood Cemetery."

"Jim Record who used to know your grandfather would like to talk to you. He's pushing ninety so would you mind coming down here?"

As I drove Mary's car downtown, I wondered what the old man would be like. I knew he used to be editor and that he still kept an office at the *Star-Telegram*. He must be shaky and old. But the hand held out to me when I got to his office was firm and warm, and his eyes were as bright as a squirrel's as he remarked, "You don't look much like Isaac. You must take after Susan. I wanted to tell you about your grandfather and the Hell's Half Acre Prostitutes!"

I protested, "Oh, but he wouldn't--."

"Hold your horses," Jim Record ordered. "It's quite a story and Isaac was quite a man. Older than me when I was a young reporter with the Half Acre on my beat. Eunice Gray ran the swankiest bawdy house in town. I came to know her because she liked music, but when the big stars came to sing or dance, no one would sell her tickets. She asked me to buy some tickets for her which I did, so she came to consider me her friend.

"She was a good businesswoman. The night Eunice Gray forgot to put out her cigarette and burned to death, she left about $90,000 to her relatives. That's how we found out her real name.

"She wanted me to run a piece in the paper explaining the prostitutes' point of view. They'd all get together and she'd send a carriage for me if I'd come to her house. She insisted that if they tore down all the bawdy houses it wouldn't drive the gay ladies away; it would just 'splinter them all over town.' Should I print their point of view?

"Isaac Rouse was an alderman and a church leader, so I went to him for advice. Should I give equal rights to a pack of prostitutes? Isaac listened, running his fingers backward over his stiff little mustache as he did when he was thinking.

"Finally he said, 'Citizens, ain't they?'"

As Jim Record and I laughed together, I asked, "*Did* tearing down Hell's Half Acre 'splinter the gay ladies all over town'?"

Old Jim Record grinned. "How would I know?"

THE funniest tale Grandpa Rouse told me on the veranda of the house on Second Street was how Santa Claus nearly burned up at the Methodist Sunday School Christmas party. Brother Miller, the superintendent, thought it would be exciting for the smaller boys and girls if Santa suddenly appeared, riding his sled down from the back balcony to the platform. So they contrived a wooden sled, decorated with red crepe paper, to slide down on two ropes tied to both the balcony and platform. All went well at first. Santa, yo-hohoing with his bag of lollypops, began his descent on the ropes, but they'd forgotten to take his weight into account. The sled came to a halt right over the chandelier where five kerosene lamps were burning.

"Santa Claus' beard is on fire!" a small boy yelled.

Santa yanked off his flaming beard and flung it away; then his wood and paper sled began to smoke. In seconds Santa himself would be on fire! Something had to be done at once!

Isaac reached for his forty-five and shot each rope in two — bing, bang! As Santa toppled to the floor, scared and bruised but not seriously hurt, a little girl cried out,

"Why, without his beard, Santa looks just like Brother Miller!"

Recently when I was doing some research in the Fort Worth Public Library, I ran across a half-page newspaper picture of Isaac Rouse shaking hands with Major K.M. VanZandt who wore his Confederate uniform. Grandpa had on his GAR uniform with his gay little cap perched on his curly head. But in the picture both blue and gray looked the same color — black. The date was June 1913. The newspaper headline read: TWO TEXANS GO BACK FOR REUNION AT GETTYSBURG. Isaac Rouse's dream had come true. Old Abe Lincoln's sons — both North and South — were back in the same family.

BUCKBOARD DAYS

For those who like entertainment with their pursuit of history, I recommend this book by Sophie A. Poe 1862-1954 Although simply told, it reads like something out of the blazing pages of Zane Grey The author relates the experiences of her husband, John W. Poe. 1850-1923 as a buffalo hunter during the 1870's and later as a respected lawman in some of the most lawless towns of the Southwest. It was one of Poe's stoolies that furnished the information that led he and Garrett to the "Kid's" hideout the nite the "Kid" was shot. Poe was there. Why not read his version.

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"COYOTE BILL" BANTY

A bunkhouse murder touched off one of Idaho's biggest manhunts

By DICK NORTH

WILBUR BRECKENRIDGE, popular foreman of the New Swedish Irrigation District near Idaho Falls, Idaho, was gunned down outside the company bunkhouse on the night of March 24, 1916, setting off a manhunt that was to stretch the length and breadth of the West before one of the culprits, Alfred Jacob Metzener, of Thornton, Idaho, was caught. The principal offender, however, alleged killer William "Coyote Bill" Banty, was never apprehended; and until a winter ago, when I stumbled across a clue to his fate in northern British Columbia, his whereabouts had remained a mystery for sixty-five years.

Joe Gull was the superintendent of the New Sweden Irrigation District, and in this capacity often carried large amounts of cash. Banty, who trapped muskrat and beaver throughout the district, was paid a bounty by Gull for the animals he trapped, as they tended to clog up the irrigation ditches. Coyote Bill, of course, was aware that Gull often was "flush" with money.

Emma Olson, Gull's niece (later to become the wife of Milo Beckman, source of some of this material as well as the District's manager for over a quarter of a century), recalled Banty as being of average height, dark, a heavy-set man of about 185 pounds. He was part Cherokee Indian.

The night of the murder Gull played poker with four of his men in the bunkhouse. He left the game early and went home. The others continued until they too turned in. No sooner had they doused the lights than two men wearing bandanas over their faces walked in, one with a flashlight in one hand and a six-gun in the other, and his companion with two drawn revolvers. Warning the four men to be quiet, the hold-up men trussed up three of them and were about to tie up the fourth, Dan Evans, when he, thinking it was a joke, kicked the larger of the two. This incited the robber to reciprocate with pistol-whipping. Evans was hit so hard the barrel of the revolver broke off and fell to the floor, and he was creased on top of the head when the same revolver discharged. Fortunately, Evans was only superficially wounded. The intruders spent over an hour rifling the bunkhouse, taking everything of value, including Evans' gold watch, before they fled.

A few minutes later the men in the bunkhouse heard five shots, and surmised that their foreman, Breckenridge, who had been attending a Moose Lodge meeting in Idaho Falls, had suffered the misfortune of running into the robbers. When the men finally worked free of their bonds, they rushed outside and found Breckenridge lying in the snow, shot full of holes. Immediately the Idaho Falls sheriff's office was notified and officers rushed to the scene.

Even with snow on the ground, the robbers could not be found. However, the police did find the broken gun, a .41 caliber Colt, which had been discarded. Deputies were dispatched to the railroad station and every boarding house and hotel in Idaho Falls was searched, but no clues were turned up. The robbers had vanished.

This wanton killing of the popular Breckenridge outraged the town. Residents of the New Swedish Irrigation District banded together and put up $1,000 "to be used in the most effective manner possible that will result in the capture of the criminals."

This money was used to hire Luke May, who owned the Revelare Detective Agency in Pocatello. May was a pioneer of criminal investigation and one of the first experts in the science of ballistics, where a bullet slug could be traced to a certain gun by the peculiarities of the marks made upon the bullet when it was fired. May was later to say this case was one of the most perplexing he ever handled.

Figuring that the killers must have been knowledgeable of the area, May interviewed the bunkhouse victims and learned from Dan Evans that he suspected one of the men might be Coyote Bill. Breckenridge was probably mistaken for Joe Gull whose pockets would have been full of money.

Thus began a dogged search by detective May during which he not only employed the science of ballistics, but also handwriting examination, tracking, and plain common sense in his efforts to bring the murderers to justice.

A BOY attending a school located along the railroad tracks south of Idaho Falls found part of a watch chain. This was reported to May. Convinced that the two fugitives had taken the train, and that they would have disposed of Evans' watch because of its incriminating potential, May offered a reward to children of the same school for any parts of a watch they might find. They almost smothered him with components of a timepiece which turned out to be Evans', and which established the direction of the first few hours of flight.

May had mailed circulars to every fur dealer in the West hoping to find where Banty might have sold furs or purchased traps. One day he received a call from an ad man at the Idaho *Post* who recalled a want ad Banty had placed, offering a job for a young man to help with his trap lines. It turned out that a lad by the name of George Smith had taken the job. He was located, and said he had worked for Banty briefly, but on the night of the murder was 100 miles from Idaho Falls. Another young man had taken his place, Smith said, but he did not know the name.

In the meantime, May had run a check on Banty and put together an interesting psychological profile of him. Just about everyone who knew Banty regarded him as being a man capable of murder. For years he had followed trap lines in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Washington, and Oregon. In the latter state he had been in trouble with the law and earned the ominous title, "The Oregon Bandit."

Banty was an ex-prize fighter, indicating his stamina was greater than average. He was a dead shot, a skillful trapper, and could live outdoors for months at a time without need for the refinements of "civilization." He often traveled at night, and always slept a considerable distance from his campfire.

At last May received a report from a fur-buying agency stating they had received a shipment from Banty origin-

ating at Roberts, Idaho. From there May traced the trapper and an unknown companion to Armstead, Montana, then back to Leadore, Idaho, and on to Salmon, Idaho, from where the fur buyers had received another shipment in January 1916. The trail was getting closer to Idaho Falls and the date of the murder.

May realized it would do no good to find Banty if he had no way to connect him to the crime, and the only way he could do this would be through tracing the broken .41 Colt and/or other guns used to kill Breckenridge. Ballistic tests showed them to be .38s.

A break came when Sheriff Tom Stroud of Salmon told May he recalled Banty and his companion, and said he would check out their movements while they were in Salmon. Stroud found out that a youth named Loren Wilderman had purchased a .41 caliber Colt of the type used in the murder only nine days before it occurred, and had sold it to Coyote Bill. Wilderman also had a .38 which he claimed to have given to Banty. Wilderman's father said he could easily identify the gun because he had repaired it for his son by using a "special" spring.

Backtracking again, May found a letter Banty had written to the Leadore postmaster. Taking this with him he traced the two men to Armstead where they boarded a train for Idaho Falls on March 23, the day before the murder.

Using the letter as a sample of Banty's writing, May visited every rooming house and hotel in Idaho Falls. He found handwriting matching Banty's where the two men had registered at a rooming house using the names "T. Howard" and "H. Howard." This placed Banty and his companion in Idaho Falls the day of the slaying. The manager of the rooming house said that the two men had remained in their room the entire day before departing on the evening of the murder.

May then went southward to Salt Lake City. Again he checked the registers of the hotels and rooming houses. Sure enough, he found the names of the "Howards" in the registration book of the Rex Hotel on March 25, the day after the murder. The circle of circumstantial evidence was drawing tighter, but all clues to the present whereabouts of the fugitives had proved worthless.

DETECTIVE LUKE MAY was about to give up on the case when he received a report that two men answering the description of Banty and his companion had robbed a store in Sterling and from there had gone north on horseback into the Craters of the Moon area. May quickly formed a posse, and with guide Irie Martin and a veteran trapper and hunter named Woodbridge leading the way, set out to apprehend them.

May's guides were good, but Banty was better. He led the posse on a trail none of them had ever seen before. It wove in and out of rock formations which at times made the posse ride three miles to get around crevasses only ten feet across. Banty knew every "ice cave" containing water, and each "crease" in the rocks along which a horse could be ridden. The posse spent a week wandering through the virtually unexplored lava beds before admitting that the wily trapper had gotten away.

Returning to Pocatello, May shortly thereafter followed up another lead by taking a posse into the area of the Harriman family's huge Railroad Ranch near the west gate of Yellowstone Park. This, too, played out, but May didn't have to wait long for another lead. This came from Rexburg by way of Sheriff Joe Mulliner, Jr. of Idaho Falls, who reported that a man who had broken out of the Rexburg jail sounded like Banty.

When May journeyed to the jail he not only learned that the prisoner answering Coyote Bill's description had been in jail for a month prior to his escape, but that a wanted poster describing him was nailed to the door of the cell he had occupied!

Banty had been arrested for stealing from a sheepherder, but his companion,

(Continued on page 77)

Courtesy Idaho State Historical Society

Park Avenue in Idaho Falls, Idaho around 1915.

A HERDSMAN

— not an easy role for a rancher

By
WALTER GANN
Photos courtesy Mary Jane Conaway

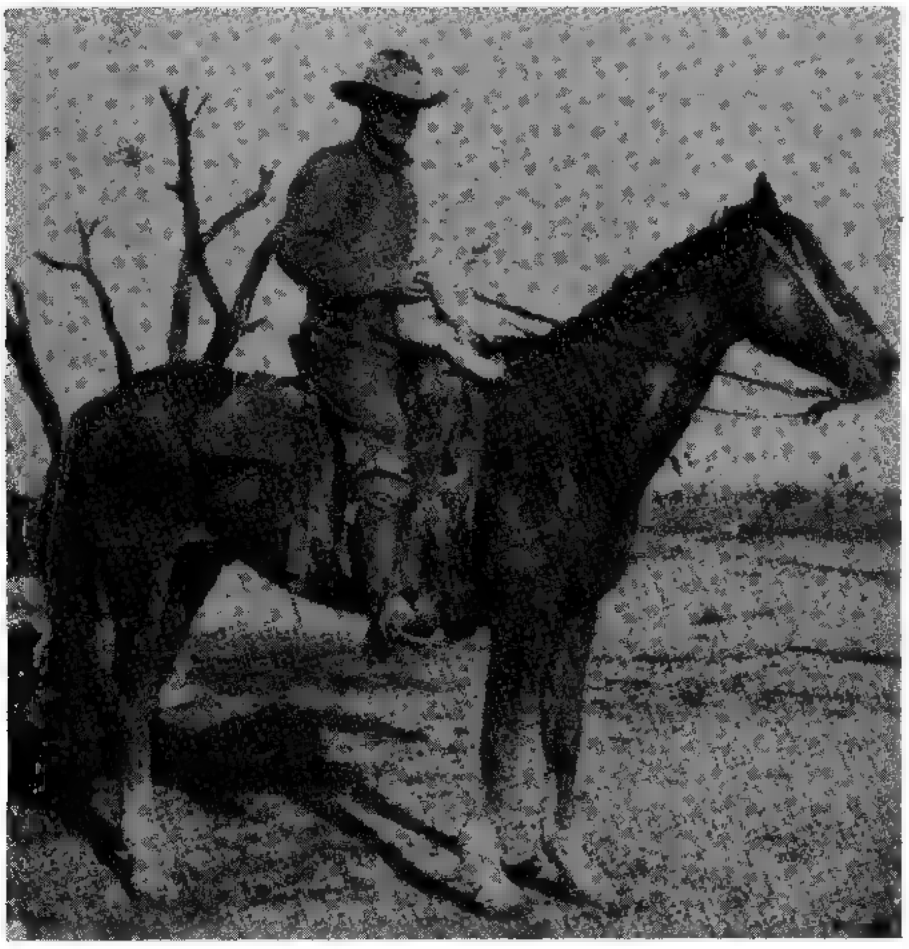
HERDSMAN would be a fitting name for my occupation when it became necessary for me to handle cattle for other men. From November 1919 to November 1920, I wintered and summer pastured at my ranch in Logan County, northwest Kansas, more than 2,400 steers owned by H.W. (Pat) Skinner of Medicine Lodge, Barber County, Kansas, along the Oklahoma border. My ranch was on the Smoky Hill River six miles downstream from Russell Springs, the county seat. The contract for me to handle the cattle was made by a member of a Live Stock Commission company in Kansas City. I never saw the owner until a year later. Skinner's son, Don turned the cattle over to me.

When we counted the steers through the gate into my pasture we checked and tallied at each hundred head. I kept track of the hundreds by tying a knot in a leather string hanging from my saddle horn. When we finished I had twenty-four knots and we counted seventy-three head more. We each signed a statement in the other's notebook that 2,473 steers had been delivered.

Under the terms of the contract I was responsible for every one of them. If any were missing when they were turned back to the owner, I was obligated to pay for them, with one exception. I was not to be held liable for any that died of natural causes. In that case I was required to show the hide bearing the brand or furnish other proof that the animal had actually died. During the year I had a death loss of twenty-five or thirty head, and the boys in the winter camp salvaged about twenty hides. These were worth eight or ten dollars each and I shipped them to a hide and leather processing firm in Topeka, Kansas to Skinner's credit.

At the expiration of our contract all the steers were shipped to Skinner's ranch near Medicine Lodge. I made two shipments and went along with the last one to make my final settlement. There I met Pat Skinner in person for the first time. He did not call for any additional proof about the dead stock. A one percent death loss over the year was not considered excessive and he was willing to accept my count.

While the steers were in my care they made a good growth. Skinner was very well satisfied with their condition and the way they had been handled. When he gave me his check for the last amount due on my pasture bill, we rode eight or ten miles out of town to one of his ranches. He suggested a partnership to stock the ranch with five hundred cattle. He would take care of the finances.



Walter Gann with his first son, Dan Molloy, 1914.

The way he outlined the proposition it would have been a good deal for me — so long as conditions remained normal, and there was no reason to think otherwise at the time. However, there were reasons why I didn't feel like accepting the offer.

I had always run my own affairs free and independent of anyone else. If I made a mistake, I paid for it in one way or another and I was not due to explain anything to anyone. It had suited me fine that Skinner and his son Don were almost four hundred miles away while I had charge of their cattle. A partnership like he proposed would be entirely different. He would feel that it was his prerogative to dictate policy which I might not like. If we disagreed on a major question it would make an unpleasant and perhaps an intolerable situation for me. I didn't tell him that was my reason for turning down the offer; I had a better and more plausible one.

Out in Logan County my ranch was half paid for. While there were only one and a half sections of deeded land, they covered two miles of water on the

A group of Kansas cowboys.

FOR COWMEN

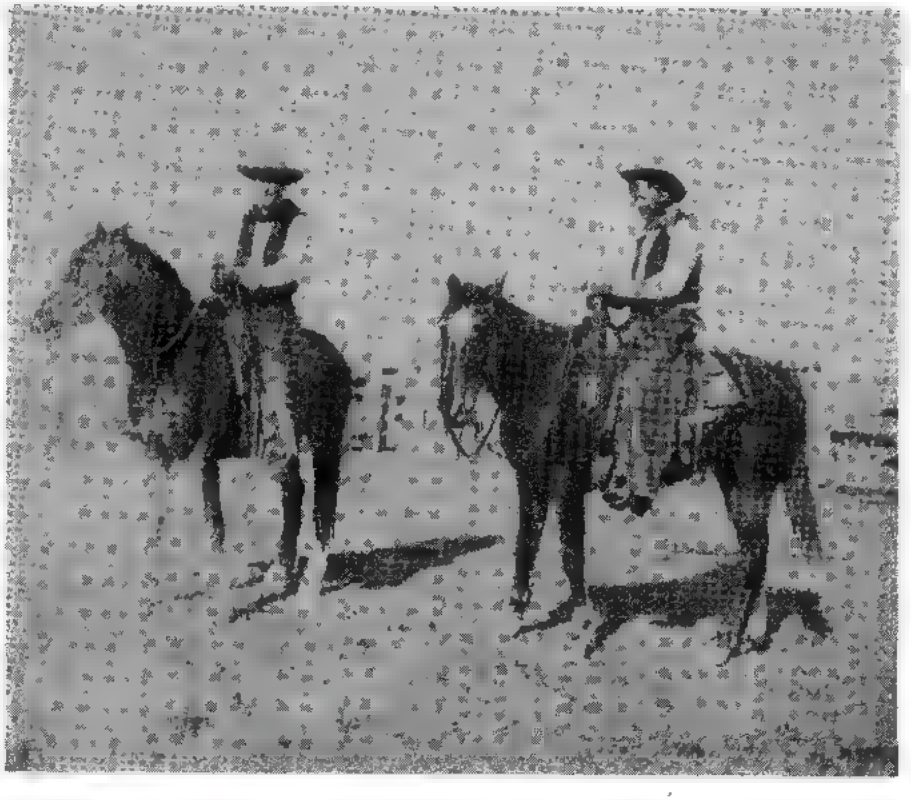
who's had his own spread

Smoky Hill River. Enclosed by my pasture fence were fifteen or eighteen other sections of dry grazing land that I leased for a nominal sum. I told him I thought it best to stay with it instead of making a change. That turned out bad because I eventually lost my ranch on a mortgage foreclosure when I was unable to meet the last payment. But if I had accepted Skinner's offer that day in Medicine Lodge, it would have been much worse for me.

Skinner was a wealthy man. Besides his various ranches and farms in the region around Medicine Lodge and large number of cattle, he owned controlling interest and was president of the First National Bank. But rich men can go down the same as ordinary men. I saw him in 1925 and he told me he was broke. I don't remember whether he said the bank failed or whether it cost a lot of money to save it. However, it was not the bank that really hurt. The killing blow was 8,000 steers he had grazing in the Flint Hills of eastern Kansas that lost $40 per head. He said he avoided bankruptcy by turning over nearly all his assets in a settlement with his creditors.

Pat Skinner and I were not the only people to go down in the crash. The same thing was happening to some cowmen and farmers from one end of the country to the other. Some banks with heavy loans on cattle and farm products were failing along with the cowmen. It was actually the beginning of the Depression but no one realized it at the time. Traditionally cowmen are an optimistic lot and most of them regarded the condition as a temporary fluctuation of prices that would correct itself in time. Even those who failed but managed to preserve their credit standing immediately laid plans for a comeback. And most of them made it but it took longer than they had thought.

IN THE SUMMER of 1921 I pastured 600 steers for Charles E. Collins



Walter Gann (left) on Monkey. Other man is unidentified.

of Kit Carson, Colorado. It was quite a comedown from the year before, but with foreclosure proceedings against my ranch sure and certain to come, it was the best I could do.

Charley Collins was an interesting man. Our business relations were of short duration but our acquaintance and friendship lasted for several years. He was a successful rancher and businessman. He had two ranches west of Kit Carson stocked with a good grade of cows. The two-year-old steers I was to get represented the male portion of his 1919 calf crop. Like Pat Skinner, he was also in the banking business. He was the majority stockholder and president of the First National Bank of Kit Carson and the First State Bank of Arapahoe, Colorado. He was strong-willed and outspoken. Some people thought him domineering, but I found him to be a pleasant person to do business with.

Our agreement for me to handle the cattle was not in writing. It was just an ordinary man-to-man understanding that I would pasture about 600 steers at fifty cents a head per month for six months. He was to ship the cattle from his ranch west of Kit Carson to me at Winona, Kansas where I would receive and drive them to my ranch. At the end of six months I was to turn them back to him at some rail point within reasonable driving distance for me.

Before the time came for him to ship the cattle he drove down in his car from Colorado to see me. He said he found that the railroad freight charges on the cattle would be around $1,200, and he thought they could be driven through much cheaper. It was 120 miles from his ranch to mine. He said he didn't have a man he thought capable of making the drive and he wondered if I would go out there and take charge. He said he would furnish the necessary men and their horses and a chuckwagon and cook. He would pay me well for the job. I agreed to do it.

A make-do chuckwagon for a short drive.

I thought three horses would be enough to take along, and on April 24 or 25 I pulled out, driving two horses ahead of me with my bed packed on one of them. Two long days of stiff riding took me through Kit Carson and to the Collins ranch.

There was no permanent water between the Big Sandy at the ranch and the Smoky Hill at Sharon Springs, Kansas, a distance of 70 miles, but as I rode along I observed that spring rains had put water in the draws and one lake bed. Collins knew that, too, which made him think it was feasible to drive the herd through. Next day, after my arrival, while his men were picking up a few stragglers they had missed on the roundup, Collins and I retraced the route to select the best watering places.

During that trip we visited both his banks where he had held a brief conference with the bank personnel. When he got in the car on leaving the bank at Arapahoe he remarked, "These banks have made some money the last few years, but now they're going to lose a pot full of it." He didn't elaborate and I assumed they were carrying some shaky loans that would have to be charged off.

Back at the ranch Mr. Collins thought three men besides myself would be sufficient to make the drive. I would have felt better with an extra man or two, but I could see no reason why four of us couldn't handle the herd. We had a wide open country to drive through with nothing to interfere except an occasional farmer's little home bunch of cows which would be no problem.

Like Pat Skinner, Collins had a son named Don. Don Collins was seventeen or eighteen years old and was just out of college on spring vacation. Collins said he wanted to send him along "so he can learn something. If he doesn't do right, tear his ---- off." I didn't have to do that but there were a couple of times I had to let Don know which one of us was driving the herd.

While Collins and his men were getting ready to start, I stayed at the ranch to see that the chuckwagon was properly supplied and equipped. He had a good camping outfit with all the necessary utensils and a roomy chuck box which had been with the ranch when Collins bought it and hadn't been used since. The cook was a personable and willing young fellow who had never done any camp cooking but it didn't take much experience to cook for only four men.

Collins and I both had overlooked the important item of campfire wood which was not to be had on that bald open

Depot in Russell Springs.

prairie. I found a stack of old fence posts near the corral and loaded about two and a half dozen in the front end of the wagon and made sure we had an axe for chopping them. What grub we didn't find in the storehouse at the ranch we finished up buying at a store in Kit Carson as we passed through.

It took six and a half days to make the trip. We turned the herd loose in my pasture at noon on the seventh day. There were no incidents to speak of. Billie Henderson, a field brand inspector for the Colorado Live Stock Association, followed us to the Kansas line and held us up long enough to make a thorough inspection to see that we didn't drive any cattle out of the state except those with the Bar C C on the left side — or left ribs.

To Charley Collins that cattle drive became a lark. Two or three mornings he got up early and overtook us on the trail. He would stay a short time and then pull out. He seemed to enjoy every bit of it. Billie Henderson told me that Collins was bragging to everybody about how he was trailing a herd of cattle down into Kansas "just like in the old days."

When we were within two days of our destination he told me he wouldn't see us any more as he had business elsewhere. I asked him if he wanted Don to make the final count of the cattle for him and he said, "Hell, no. He can't count cattle. You'll have to do it yourself and I'll be satisfied with your count."

Nevertheless I told Don that he was to count for his dad. We checked up with each hundred head and we kept them separate from the others until we agreed on the count. One time Don got off four or five head but a recount straightened out the difference. I kept track of the hundreds by tying a knot in my bridle rein. When we finished I had six knots and we counted twelve head more. Don didn't carry a notebook but I had him sign a statement in my book that he had delivered 612 steers to me. Then Don started on back to the ranch with the outfit.

A month or so before the expiration of the six-month period Charley Collins came down to see me. He stayed only long enough to say that he had sold a half-interest in those steers to Arnold Burns, a farmer-rancher and cattle feeder in eastern Kansas not far from Kansas City. I had never heard of Arnold Burns but Collins seemed to know him quite well. He said they wanted the cattle delivered to Scott City, Kansas, about fifty miles from Russell Springs, and that Burns would be there to receive them. Burns was to pay me for the pasturage and whatever else. "I owe you for driving the herd." No price had been set for that job and I told him I thought it was worth a hundred dollars. He said, "All right. Tell Arnold I said to pay it."

Top: Bird's-eye view of Russell Springs, Kansas. Center: The Russell Springs Courthouse. Above: Another shot of the town. The courthouse can be seen at left in the distance.

AROUND the twentieth of October I received a telegram from Arnold Burns setting a date he wanted to receive the cattle, provided it was compatible with my plans. I wired him confirmation and on that date I showed up at Scott City with the cattle. Burns was there to meet me.

The Missouri Pacific Railroad served the territory where Burns was located,

and the main line between Pueblo, Colorado and Kansas City ran through Scott City. The stock pens were adequate to hold the 600 steers and, by using my loose saddle horses as a pilot to lead the herd through the residential district on our way to the pens, we had little trouble.

The railroad company didn't consider the shipment large enough to justify a special train but the depot agent assured Burns they had other service "just as good." We had to wait for more than an hour until a local freight train, traveling in the opposite direction to where the cattle were bound, stopped long enough to spot the cars while we loaded them. They then set the cars on a side track next to the main line. The depot agent said there would be a manifest through train from the West in about an hour to pick up the cattle and take them to destination.

When we finished loading I started the men, the wagon and the horses back to our camp spot of the night before. I planned to join them when I finished my business with Burns. Up to that time nothing had been said about my pasture bill.

If I had been a hard-crusted — or even an astute — businessman I would have required my pay, or at least an understanding about it, before turning the cattle over to Burns. But such a thing never entered my mind. I took it for granted that I was dealing with reliable men. This was true, but a misunderstanding, or lack of an understanding, put me in hot water for a short time. I had considered that it was Burns' place to mention the payment first and that it would come in due time, but time was running out.

Burns had stopped at the Scott City Hotel the night before. As it was getting along toward evening he invited me over to the hotel to have supper with him. During our meal we talked about most everything except my pasture bill. After dessert we sat at the table sipping coffee. He smoked his pipe and I stayed with my Bull Durham cigarettes. I casually mentioned that Charley Collins owed me an extra hundred dollars for driving the herd down that spring. "That's all right," he said. "Anything you and Charley do is agreeable to me." By that time I was beginning to sweat under my collar.

"And," I went on, "he told me you would pay that along with the pasture bill."

The surprised expression that came over his face indicated that my announcement took him entirely unaware. "He did?" Burns exclaimed, "Charley didn't tell me that."

"They're guaranteed for as long as ponies shed winter hair and the rivers flow — unless you drop it."

By that time I was beginning to feel a little aggravated. "Well, that's what he told me," I said, "and I supposed you fellows had an understanding about it."

Burns looked down where he was dabbling his spoon around in his coffee and said nothing. I could see then and I can see now why he might hesitate and study before committing himself. He didn't know me or anything about me. He might well suspect that I was playing both ends against the middle and trying to collect double pay. If such an attempt was successful it would leave both him and Collins in an awkward position to recover, with him 400 miles away in eastern Kansas and Collins in another state. During that coffee-stirring I had some thoughts of my own but they were the reverse of what Burns was thinking.

The cattle were loaded and ready to go. In less than an hour they would be gone, and Burns along with them. There was nothing I could do to stop it. If he refused to pay me, my only recourse would be to try and get it from Charley Collins, which might prove difficult to do. There certainly would be an indefinite delay and the necessity to make a trip out to Colorado to see him. Then if he happened to say, "You should have collected from Burns," I would be "down Salt Creek without a paddle."

That pasture bill meant a great deal to me. I had some obligations of my own and besides I could use a little spending money. Burns broke the ice with a short laugh and the remark, "If that's the case I guess you'd like to have pay for your pasture bill."

I told him I wouldn't object to it a bit. He went into the hotel lobby and took a checkbook from his suitcase and brought it back to the table. He had the correct number of the cattle because we had both counted them into the cars when we loaded. It was no trouble to figure out the amount due me — 612 steers at fifty cents a head per month for six months plus a hundred dollars. He wrote out and handed me a check for $1,936, with an apology. "I'm sorry it went this long. Charley just forgot to tell me. It makes no difference to me one way or the other." This ended my anxiety.

I led my horse and walked along with Burns while he carried his suitcase over to the depot. The train arrived in a short time and picked up the cattle. He stood on the rear platform of the caboose and I waved him goodbye as the train pulled away. I never saw him again, but I heard of him six or seven years later.

I DIDN'T do so well with my pasture the next year, 1922. I had to take in cattle from three different owners to stock it. Then one man I had trusted too far cheated me out of a month pas-

turage on 300 of his cattle.

The foreclosure action to take possession of my ranch ran its course when the court handed down a mandate for the sheriff to dispose of the property to satisfy the judgment. During that time and turmoil there was one bright streak of silver lining in the cloud that had settled on me. I was elected sheriff of the county. One of the last official acts of the outgoing sheriff was to sell my ranch. This saved me the humiliation of having to stand in the courthouse door and auction off my own land at a sheriff's sale. The attorney for the mortgage holder probably saved me from bankruptcy by bidding in the property for the exact amount of the debt plus the court costs.

I lost no time in feeling sorry for myself over my financial reverses. I took that as a matter of course, just as something that might happen to anybody at any time. But it was a sad moment and brought me to the verge of choking up when the time came for me to sell and part with my faithful old saddle horses that had served so well and carried me through good times and bad.

At the end of my term in office, I was offered and accepted a job in the protective or law enforcement branch of the Union Pacific Railroad with headquarters in Denver, Colorado. My assigned territory was down through the country where I had previously operated and I felt more at home there than anywhere else.

One day while returning to Denver, Charley Collins boarded the train at Kit Carson for Denver. I was very glad to see him and, from his reaction, he was glad to see me. We found a great many things to talk about during that three-and-a-half-hour trip. While I had given up the calling I had followed the first thirty-seven years of my life, I was still interested in the cattle trade. No one was better qualified to give an accurate account of what was going on than Charley Collins. What he told me was not very good news.

Among other things he said it took Arnold Burns two years to pay him for half of the steers I had handled. He said the steers had been put in a feed lot and after a hundred days on full feed they were in prime condition, but when sold they lost fifty dollars per head. That loss, with other individual losses, put Burns close to the ground for some time.

Collins said that because of drought conditions and other factors he had cut his cow herd almost in half. "But," he added, "I have picked up the loose ends, tucked in the corners and feel like I can weather the storm." He told me he had recently bought into an automobile loan and financing company in Denver. "I've found out," he said, "that these damn fools will pay for a car when they won't pay for anything else." That reminded me of a remark he made the first day we were together years before when he said, "These banks have made some money — but now they're going to lose a pot full of it." So I asked, "How are the banks doing?"

He answered with a sort of a chuckle. "Not very damn good. We closed out the one at Arapahoe without it hurting me very much, but there is a $100,000 mortgage on my ranch that I had to put there to get money to keep the bank at Kit Carson from going under."

And that's the way it was as the country moved steadily into the "Great Depression" of the late '20s and early '30s.

I never heard of Pat Skinner or Arnold Burns again and Mr. Collins died either in the late '40s or early '50s. In looking back I get some satisfaction to remember my contacts with men like Collins, Skinner and Burns — men who could take the good without gloating over it and the bad without flinching or complaining.

Editor's Note: This is the last story Walter Gann wrote for us before his death in April 1981. And this is the first time in a decade that there hasn't been a Gann story in our manuscript file awaiting publication.

During his trips to Texas he would stop by the office for a visit. It was during these visits that we would talk about things that weren't for publication.

Walter knew stories that couldn't be told because of the feelings of others — first-hand information which could be documented. But he kept silent. This attitude may seem outmoded and old-fashioned in a day when exposes are leading the bestsellers list; but to a man of Walter's era, knowing when to keep his mouth shut was something a ranch kid learned at about the same time he learned to use a knife and fork and wash his face before breakfast.

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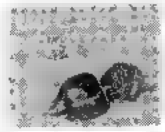

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By
FRED J. GIRARD

HEADING SOUTH TO TAOS

A young "Jack" who changed "Trades" as often as

WHEN WE lived in Manassa, Colorado, a Mormon community, Dad had the idea that we might get some education since we had moved from a fanatically religious Catholic community (Capulin) to one with a completely different concept. Not that that had any effect on us as we had all failed dismally in embracing any religion. I will say, though, that in neither school system was religion ever mentioned and no attempts were made to convert us.

The reason we went to Manassa was that a Mormon missionary had "converted" two hundred southern people from Rome, Georgia several years before with the promise of a land of milk and honey in Colorado. He induced the people to pull up stakes and trek West. My Grandma Rutledge was one of them. I asked her once if they were really converted. She said, "No, we were hungry and tired of living on peanuts."

The people left Georgia and traveled in every conceivable type of conveyance. Possibly some of them had been converted to Mormonism. They were probably the ones who were not spending all their energy trying to keep the wolf from the door. They could apply their minds to the hereafter. The poor ones were too busy keeping body and soul together in this world.

The converts in our family were Great-grandpa Lawrence, by grandmother Mary Ann Rutledge, my mother

Courtesy New Mexico Tourism and Travel Division; Commerce and Industry Department

Still standing as it did centuries ago, the Taos Pueblo shelters a way of life that has changed little over the years.

Flora, and her brother and sister Tommy and Dora. They all settled in the Cerritos Valley and Grandpa Lawrence set up a grist mill. Later a plot of land was acquired and about seven miles from Cerritos, Manassa was laid out as a township. Grandma and her immediate family never joined the church, but her sisters married and professed the religion.

We kids were accepted with open arms by the youth of the community. One reason was that it did not take long for us to prove that science was better than brawn. Our knowledge of boxing once again stood us in good stead. Even the girls in my family were good with their mitts.

Because of our somewhat unorthodox schooling in Capulin the teachers in Manassa had trouble classifying us. They put us on a trial basis and I ended up in the fourth grade and was fortunate in having the best teacher I ever knew, Mamie Smith. She used the same methods Aunt Hortense had used to teach us back in Capulin. If a child were backwards in a subject, she spent hours after school to get him caught up with the rest of the class.

We didn't do all our learning in school, however. A sort of cousin of ours, Carson Keel, was taking a course at the San Luis Stake Academy, a Mormon school of higher learning. He was studying the Book of Mormon and I helped him memorize great long parts of it. The result was that I soon knew as much about the Prophet, the migration and persecutions as Carson did.

On Sundays all of us young people who did not have relatives forcing us to attend church and Sunday School would spend our time in the woods and swimming in Little River. Bishop Jensen noticed that Sam and I were apparently the ringleaders of this outlaw group, so he asked me if I would talk to the boys and induce them to attend Sunday School. After class they could have the rest of the day off with a clear conscience. The other boys said they would go if we would. Our teacher was Gus Smith who was also our grammar school teacher.

The first Sunday class was devoted to the material I had previously memorized with Carson. Everytime Gus Smith asked a question I was the only one who had the answer. He was amazed because he knew I was a gentile and not given to church work. I noticed that the sooner the questions were answered the sooner we got out of class, and since none of the other kids seemed to spend much time studying, I kept just ahead of Gus. The whole class turned into a question-and-answer routine between the two of us. I hope my answers helped some of the others because they are nearly all elders in the Church today.

ONE BEAUTIFUL summer day, my mother's two cousins came by our home in Manassa. Willie and Luther were on their way to Taos, New Mexico and asked my mother to let me go with them. She had nine children so one more away from home did not mean anything.

They had two Peter Shuttler wagons loaded with sacked potatoes. The last year's crop was still in the cellars, and a new market had to be found. Someone had told them that Taos was a good area to sell potatoes as they weren't raised there in any quantity. Willie and Luther had also brought a good amount of turquoise from the famous Charlie King mine to sell to the Indians.

The wagons were double bedded and had a seat equipped with huge springs, which raised the driver to a height of about ten feet. The wheels were wide-tired, and in the rear was a regular cowboy chuck box, loaded with a huge Dutch oven, slabs of bacon, hams and flour enough to last a month or two. Each wagon also had two water kegs on each side. Mom got everything she supposed I would need for the trip and kissed me goodbye, with the admonition to be a good boy.

There were a number of wood roads, and at that time travelers would acquaint themselves with these roads to know where they led. Most of them were made by the local people so there was no problem. But as we entered the New Mexican country the road conditions changed drastically. The natives had small ponies and small vehicles, the country was sandy and the trails or roads were actually two separate roads or four trails. The natives' small ponies hugged the wagon tongue and traveled inside of the wagon track. Our horses were about the size of an elephant compared to them and weighed 1500 to 1600 pounds each. They filled the trail with sand and we could make no headway as they could not be trained to stay inside of the track. Rocks and boulders kept us from using the open country.

There were several small villages along the trail and we were a very unusual and interesting sight to the natives. Many people in that area did not go more than fifteen or twenty miles from home in their lifetime. They had never seen horses or wagons the size of ours, and Willie and Luther must have seemed to them like giants from another world. As my mother and her relatives were all large people, the boys averaged 180 pounds and were six feet tall. In every village the natives gathered about, asked all about us and bought the large potatoes.

We eventually made it through No Agua, Tres Piedras and Embudo to Canon del Rio Grande. The road snaked down the walls of the canyon to the river and our brakes could not hold the wagon on such steep grades. We found that poles had to be put through the wagon spokes. The tires would get too hot and burn the wood. Luck was with us; there was no traffic. Getting out required doubling the teams and using the same methods to keep the wagons from rolling backward.

At each village we received a similar welcome. People would look at our horses and express amazement that they were not stallions. We got water at wells which were equipped with wooden buckets and horsehair ropes. The women would trade Mexican dishes for our potatoes. Some of the people asked us to spend more time in their midst, at no expense. I was asked if the boys were married. The small senoritas would drop their eyes and blush when the giant boys looked at them.

Author's photo

Fred Girard as a teenager.

this one, needed to have his own patron saint

WE HAD the same road problem all the way into Taos. In many areas the tracks were in arroyo bottoms, as they all followed the line of least resistance — natural waterways. When we met anyone it meant a visit of anywhere from a half hour to lunch time. We usually had biscuits made in the Dutch oven, though I had learned to make a passable tortilla. Mother was a good Mexican cook, and I'd picked up her ideas.

On the outskirts of Taos we camped under some tall trees near a small stream. In this area were the remains of ten-feet-high adobe walls that had been put up for protection from the Indians when they warred with early settlers.

The people in Taos were nearly all Spaniards, but when Benito Juarez was president, after the French invasion, he had declared that everyone was to make application for citizenship or be extradited. Henceforth everyone would be Mexican, regardless of age or nationality.

Taos was made up of Spanish people practicing customs of their mother country. The plaza in the center of the town was adorned with flowers, paths and a bandstand. Every Sunday was a feast day. The Spanish people have a saint for everyone's birthday and nearly all names are saints' names.

The band was made up of several dozen wonderful musicians in livery. Seats were arranged around the plaza for the oldsters, and the young girls and young men would walk around in opposite directions. No words were spoken. They were very strict about that custom. Chaperones were sprinkled around to see that everything was in order.

My two cousins were a sensation. They stood two heads above the average people. Girls would titter and duck their heads when they met them. When we got back to camp, I would tell Willie and Luther what the girls said. The people that gathered about our camp were nearly all Pueblos, a very friendly people. They were traders.

Potatoes were much in demand. They brought their own hampers and I understand that the government allotted money to them. They seemed to have enough to pay for what they bought.

For a short time we only had the Indian trade until some young Spaniards happened to come by. They asked me where I learned to speak the language, as Willie and Luther did not speak well enough to carry on a conversation. I told them about my French and Spanish ancestry and having lived in Capulin. They were surprised as they imagined every part north of them as being peopled by Americanos. They advised me about making arrangements with some of the local merchants to sell our potatoes. This I did and we disposed of nearly all our loads. But in the meantime we acquired an assortment of pigs, ponies, goats and sheep. We also traded for apples which did not grow in our San Luis Valley.

ONE early morning we were awakened by yelps and the barking of dogs. Several dozen coyotes and dogs of the village were in the midst of a battle. A dog was usually larger than a coyote; but the latter was more nimble and could slash quickly with its razor sharp teeth and get away.

One other morning I strolled into the village without any idea in my mind except to look around without being disturbed. In the business section, if it could be called that, there were a few liquor dispensaries or saloons. The floors and sidewalks were made of brick. One man was industriously washing bricks with a bucket and mop.

He said, "I am behind in this job; people will commence to arrive."

So I said, "I will help you."

He put me to work washing and shining the glassware, bringing in water from the well to put in the tanks, and other menial jobs. When I was through he said, "I have no money." I told him he was not obligated, but he gave me a box of ounce bottles of sample whiskey which had been left for advertising. The idea of acquiring more of the little bottles appealed to me, although none of us drank hard liquor. So I continued to go and help him every morning.

When the Indians discovered that I had the sample bottles, they bargained and traded with me. I acquired a sow that lived many years, and a couple of ponies.

Many years later I discovered that it was a penitentiary offense to sell liquor to Indians. But I suppose someone was watching over me. I have Saint Joseph for my middle name and the old boy has done a good job for more than eighty years.

We sold out and were happy to take the trail towards home. We were even more interesting to the people on our way back with our strange menagerie of ponies, pigs, goats and sheep. We could have had a few chickens, but Willie and Luther did not approve of them. In the meantime, they came up with an idea that helped. We had the team stay to the outside of the track. A longer tug was fashioned and a stick was fastened to the bridles to separate them.

I do not know if the trouble and problems were worth the effort, but the people of New Mexico gained some knowledge of their northern neighbors.

BACK IN MANASSA, I'll never know how, but I eventually made it to the eighth grade and was even elected president of the class. When I graduated we had a big party and I was ready to start a new career. It wasn't what I expected but it had its compensations.

My Aunt Dora, Mother's sister, had married Simon Nusbaum of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Dad thought it would be a good idea for me to go to high school in Santa Fe as we had nothing like that where we lived. I was duly shipped off to live with Uncle Simon. At that time he had a large house just off the plaza. I arrived about six weeks after school started, I can't remember why, and therefore was behind from the beginning. I was a complete flop in Algebra, Latin and grammar and never could catch up but I more than made up for it outside the classroom.

I had played a lot of basketball and other sports in Colorado at an altitude of 8500 feet. In Santa Fe at only 6900 feet it was like walking down hill. Also, our basketball court back home was covered with gravel and we spent as much time digging rocks out of our knees as we did playing. When I first played on the modern floor of the Santa Fe Armory (which was across the street from Uncle Simon's house), I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. Nothing could stop me.

I never did anything like training but I did deliver milk for my aunt, which amounted to the same thing. I was always so anxious to get the deliveries over so I could play basketball that I'd grab a gallon pail in each hand and take off running. I'd run to Mrs. Windsor's, then to Miguel Otero's, then to Leo Hersch's. As a result I could run all day after a second wind. Coach Luigi, a former football player at Notre Dame, and I hit it off real well from the start. He asked me if I was in training and I was too dumb to know that I had never been out of training. What with delivering the milk, sweeping the big veranda, tending the furnace and hauling the ashes upstairs in coal buckets, I was getting the best training a boy could have.

I went out for all sports and made the team in most of them. My size was against me in some of the games but that didn't stop me. Once we had trials for the half-mile run and they laid rubber mats on the sidewalk around the federal courthouse. A dozen of us started and all the others fell by the wayside but I kept on and threw in another half-mile just for fun. Luigi always said that if he had me back East we could do great things. I don't know about that. I don't even know if I broke any records or not. I just ran and jumped because I'd always done it.

But, in spite of my athletic abilities, I had trouble when I first moved there. When I was getting acquainted, which at that time meant a series of fights, I acquired many a black eye. My cousin Nellie thought I was little more than a

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savage and she was a little more than right. Uncle Simon was the Territorial treasurer at the time and the kindest man I have ever known. When my aunt felt something should be done about all the black eyes and told Uncle Simon to take me to the woodshed, instead of the reprimand I expected, he always asked me about the details of the fight. He was from McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and had never had the pleasure of a fist fight.

The results of these fights were usually good. The kids and I would become friends afterwards. There was one exception, though. Chavez Armijo and I battled everytime we met and I always came out second best. Mariano Sena was another tough cookie who was hard to beat.

AFTER high school Dad shipped Sam off to Monte Vista and I was exiled to Fort Collins, a military school. I took courses in field crops, stock judging, animal husbandry and farm machinery. All that saved me from insanity was an accident. I blundered into a boarding house that sheltered a number of boys from Antonito. Sam and I had never made the acquaintance of Alamosa and Antonio boys. They were softies in our estimation and I found out that their opinion of us was even lower. They thought we were rude, unmannerly and half-civilized. We never did much to refute this view. Nevertheless, we managed to make up a basketball team that was unbeatable.

The Mexican part of town was called, I believe, "La Riata." It was out-of-bounds and we were not allowed to go there. The usual practice was to go to a secondhand store and rent overalls and shirts for a dollar and leave our uniforms behind while we made a tour of the sector. The upperclassmen did the same and when we encountered these "stiffnecks" we usually found a way to start a ruckus. We knew they couldn't report us as they were not supposed to be there either. It was fun to see their black eyes the next day and be secure in the knowledge that they couldn't do a thing about it. This was one of the roughest times of my life.

When prohibition hit Colorado, Dad and Monte Butler put up a building in Los Pinos, New Mexico for the second First and Last Chance Saloon. Southern Colorado had scarcely dried up before enterprising businessmen began throwing up saloons just south of the state line in New Mexico. Slapped together buildings were strung out along the road for five miles. Ours was the first one after you crossed the line into New Mexico and remained the only "first and last chance" to tank up. I was elected to be Monte's helper, as I had given up on school.

The building was of very plain 1 x 12s on end held together with 2 x 4s and slatted with 1 x 3 slats. The front was immense and gave the impression of a huge edifice. There were four rooms upstairs, and outside and inside stairways. The four upstairs rooms were devoid of furniture except for a table and four chairs and a few animal pictures.

Our time was valuable so any customers who invaded the upstairs were

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

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served their choice of wine, cognac or bourbon at a dollar a bottle with a fifty cent deposit for the pitcher of water and a glass. The only upstairs customers were politicians who were known to be W.C.T.U. supporters, or men and their wives who had voted "dry" and did not want demon rum on their doorsteps.

Monte was the manager and I was the general flunky. I wiped the glasses, carried water from the Los Pinos River in two candy buckets, kept the barrel room in order with case goods and kept track of the gallons drawn. I also saw that playing cards were carefully sorted, as the poker table was in constant use.

The reputation of the place was one hundred percent good. We had never had a killing. This was mainly due to the fact that Monte's reputation was firmly established. He was from Trinidad and had been Sheriff Jeff Farr's chief deputy. He used a .38 in a spring holster, the hammer filed for easy access. Every morning Monte and I would go into the chicken yard, and he would shoot a cock's head off at thirty paces.

But I remember one incident which could have given us a bad name — if anyone had learned the truth. We were unable to cross the swollen Los Pinos for several weeks one spring and had to leave ten cases of liquor encased in straw on the other side. It was a cheap, dark blend, and as the weather changed from snow to rain the straw got damp then dried out. The cache was an unappetizing mess so Monte suggested we rebottle and sell it for twenty-five cents a pint, but I kept putting off the job.

About this time there was news of the salvage of the *Maine* off the coast of Cuba. Just for the hell of it, I decorated the shelf above the back bar with several cases of our water-soaked stock. Everyone's curiosity was aroused and I glibly told them that the bottles were salvaged from the hold of the *Maine*. I didn't think anyone would take it seriously. But eventually we sold the stock. Several years later I happened to be in Alamosa where Bill Colleton had retired. He asked me to his home and in the course of conversation gave me a small tot. I immediately recognized the taste but said nothing. Bill then told me that he had acquired the product from someone who had bought it from the salvaged *Maine*. I did not want to embarrass Bill or myself so said nothing for a change.

IN 1916 Dad was still riding herd on his nine ignorant kids, five of them boys. I guess the Colorado climate was maybe getting too him, too, because he bought a 160-acre farm and what was called a ranch in the Steeple Rock Mountains near Duncan, Arizona. Dad was sheriff of Conejos County at the time and had to stay in Colorado until his term expired so he had the bright idea of sending Sam, Emil and me on ahead to build a home, stock the ranch and get things ready for the rest of the family. Sam was in his early twenties, I was not far behind and Emil was twelve.

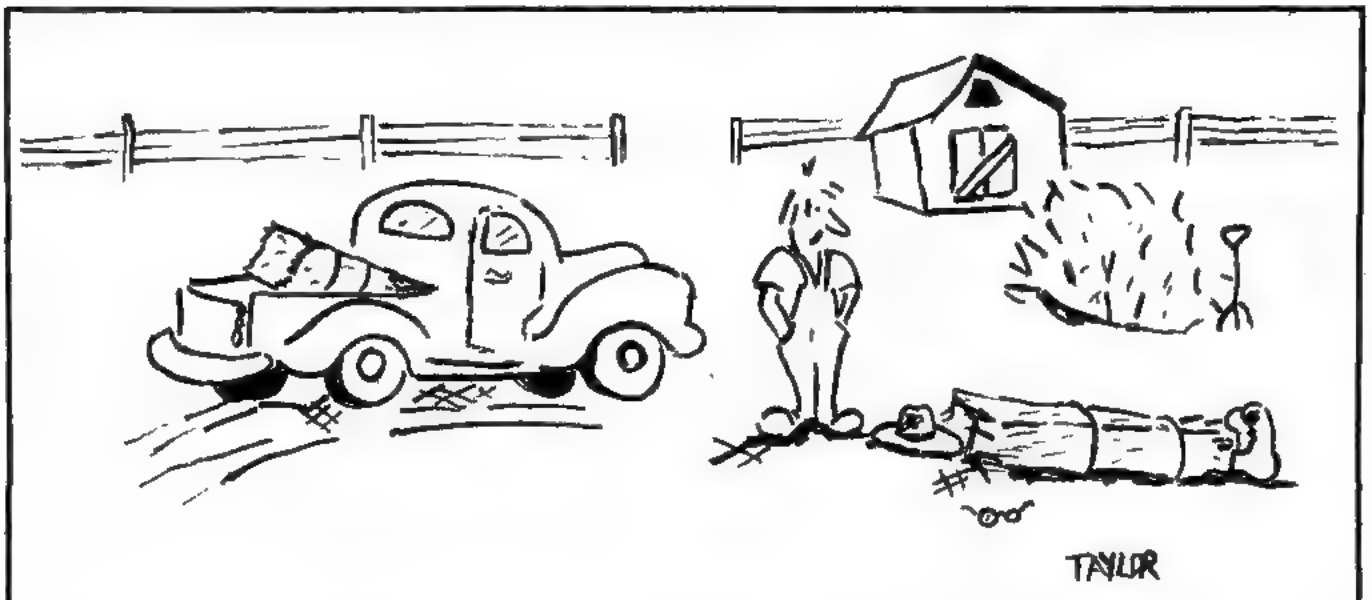
We had the reliable old Peter Shuttler wagon with bows and canvas which were never used because the weather was good all the way, though we didn't start 'til October. Our team was composed of two good mares named Babe and Queen and we had eight saddle horses and an unbroken wild mare. The wagon was loaded with plenty of food, guns and ammunition.

Our first problems began, like they did on the way to Taso, when we hit those New Mexican tracks used as roads. We managed to keep Babe and Queen to the small track, but the saddle horses, which were being led from the tailgate, walked where they pleased. When we got in sand we lashed the saddle horses to the wagon tongue so they could help pull but they also filled the track with sand. The result was we totally destroyed every track we traveled. It's a good bet that the New Mexicans were glad to see the last of us.

When we got out of the sand country the first town of any size we hit was Ojo Caliente. We were met by the villagers and told to make ourselves at home. We ate in a kind of restaurant where we were treated like family and the horses were stabled and fed. Sam and I assumed that we would pay for these services.

The men we talked to asked about our trip and whether we had encountered any difficulties along the way. The next morning to our surprise we were told there was no charge and that we were welcome to come again anytime. We thanked them and went on our way, but I always wondered what prompted all that kindness.

(Some years later I found out. I was running a small cafe where the chief merchandise was beer. When the liquor inspector came over from Alamosa he asked me if I had ever met him before. I had not to my knowledge, but it seems I had. He was one of the men who had greeted us in Ojo Caliente in 1916. He was, in 1916, part of a combine given to stealing horses and cattle in Colorado and driving them to New Mexico. The liquor inspector acted as fence for the stolen stock. When they saw us drive into town with nine horses they had assumed we were new members of the



"Pa, did you say 'back up you idiot' or 'don't back up you idiot'."

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organization. They did think we were a little young for the trade—especially Emil—but asked no questions. When they found that we were not members of the gang, all they did was bid us a fond farewell and send us on our way. There is probably some kind of lesson here—horsethief to state liquor inspector—but, I leave that to the reader.)

WE CONTINUED on our way, never averaging more than twenty-five miles a day. At Pojoaque we stopped at a ranchito and asked if we could water and feed our horses. The lady of the house who had looked at us strangely asked our name. When we said Girard she whooped, "Girard, el Frances!"

She looked at Emil and said, "You are the living likeness of your grandfather. I should know. He was my sweetheart when he was trapping in this country once." She made a big fuss over Emil and we teased him till he got mad and started throwing rocks at us. I never did ask Grandpa about his old girlfriend. It might have embarrassed him.

After a few more minor adventures we reached Silver City. We were broke, tired and none too clean. Sam got a job working around the hotel and I found employment as a chicken-plucker. This was not one of my more successful endeavors. I was so bad that they finally put me to dousing the birds while another man did the feathering.

We got a few dollars together and the horses gained a little weight, so we took off across the Gila Forest heading for the Gila River. That was a nightmare. There were hundreds of roads in the wilderness leading nowhere. Since we could not find water we turned the horses loose and let them find it for us. Horses have an instinct for locating water where a man would die of thirst. You have to turn them loose, though, and let them go off on their own. Once they were out of sight we'd hitch up Babe and Queen and let them follow. We were lucky to have the horses as the whole area was suffering a drought that ruined many cattlemen. The big Lazy D outfit which had cattle ranging over hundreds of square miles lost thousands of them.

We were about to give up when a man told us to avoid all the little roads and keep going straight ahead till we came to a big oak tree and then make a sharp left. We didn't have a compass but Sam figured any road that turned left or right was a wood road so we kept going as straight as we could. After three days, sure enough there was the oak—the only one as far as we knew in the whole Gila Forest. We rested a day or two under the tree and then pushed on. The first spread we came to belonged to the Bud Spiller family. We stayed there a few days and began a friendship that lasted sixty years.

THE FARM in Duncan, Arizona, where we arrived in November, was as different from the one in the San Luis Valley as night is from day. The Duncan Valley was a paradise. The heat and abundant water made the growing of corn, alfalfa and every known vegetable almost effortless. Almost, but not quite. The silt-laden water of the Gila was a constant source of fertilizer assuring five cuttings of alfalfa a year, but the land required great amounts of water. We thought we knew something about irrigating because we had irrigated 160 acres in Colorado. We were wrong. It required much more work to irrigate twenty acres in Duncan because the soil was alluvial and washed away easily. A small trickle, if left unattended, could wash out an arroyo ten feet deep overnight. The moisture evaporated so fast that we had to irrigate constantly. We learned to take our shovels to bed with us at night so they'd be handy anytime we were needed to open the ditches.

Since all the things we planted grew so well and fast we shouldn't have been surprised that the things we didn't plant grew even faster. I'm talking about Johnson Grass! It is the only thing I know of that you can actually see growing. It will smother any crop you plant, except alfalfa, and you have to work night and day just to keep even with it. We wore callouses on our bottoms riding the cultivator and spent the rest of our time in the canal changing ditch flow.

The Steeple Rock Ranch was a wonderful place for Sam and me to get away from the grind of the farm. It was only a few sections and we were accustomed to the big country of the Rocky Mountains with pine forests, running streams full of trout and big horses and cattle. But it did offer a change of pace. The smelters were working full blast in Clifton, Morenci and Metcalf, and we got good prices for the fattened hogs we butchered and sold there.

Back at the farm we plowed, harrowed, leveled and cultivated during the day and worked the irrigation ditches both day and night. When taxes kept on increasing, while the water and prices decreased, Dad decided to try greener pastures in Douglas. We leased the farm and let someone else commit suicide with Johnson grass. St. Joseph, I felt, had better things for me to do.

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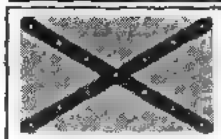
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A CENTRAL PACIFIC GHOST RIDE

East to Promontory

By
ROBERT L. FOSTER
Photos provided by author

Foster cycles toward Promontory.

The Great Salt Desert caused the Central Pacific Railroad and others numerous problems. Just a few miles south, almost within walking distance, the Donner Party bogged down.

RECENTLY my sons and I followed the old abandoned railbed of the Central Pacific Railroad from the Nevada border eastward to Promontory Point, Utah on motorcycles. The ride took us through the most remote area in the United States.

The Southern Pacific took over the Central Pacific before the turn of the century and abandoned the original Central Pacific trackage north of the Great Salt Lake for a shorter route through the south end of the lake. The old Central Pacific railbed stretches as far as the eye can see. It is almost as perfect today as it was when it was completed in 1869, yet very few people know it exists.

THE $10,000 bet was on. Thomas Durant, vice president of the Union Pacific Railroad knew there was no way the tracklayers of the Central Pacific Railroad could equal the world tracklaying record of his men who had recently laid eight and one-half miles of track in one day!

But big, burly Charlie Crocker, president of the Central Pacific Railroad, had an ace up his sleeve. The 250-pound, *rough and tumble* railroad president liked a challenge and he liked to gamble. Among his 6,000 Chinese laborers he had some Irish foremen known as the "Ironmen." He was confident his eight Ironmen could break the Union Pacific's record and in so doing he would win the $10,000 from Durant.

On April 28, 1869 spectators and the press gathered at rails' end to watch the Central Pacific's Ironmen in action. That day those tough, seasoned Irishmen laid 3,500 rails weighing 1,000 tons, stretching across the Utah desert for ten miles — and the men took an hour off for lunch! The Ironmen set a world tracklaying record which stands to this day — and Charlie Crocker won the $10,000.

The Ironmen set their world record amid the commotion of hammers clanking against spikes, horsemen galloping back and forth along the roadbed, and shrill shattering blasts of the engine's steam whistle. Now there is only the soft sound of the wind blowing across the deserted roadbed.

It is still in very good condition — nearly as good as a paved highway in many places. Brush has grown up since it was abandoned for a more favorable, shorter route farther south, across the Great Salt Lake.

Railroad fragments lie decaying at the bottom of gullies along the road. Rails and ties were removed before the turn of the century, but there are still rusting spikes, plates and other railroad memorabilia scattered along the desert floor.

Looking south you can see the white, shimmering salt and the deep, blue water of the Great Salt Lake. The desert stretches ahead as far as you can see in gray sagebrush splendor. To the east the snow-topped peaks of the Wasatch Range jut 10,000 feet into the blue Utah sky.

It's a long way between towns in that nearly uninhabited region. Looking at a map of this remote, forgotten land, you will see that the northwest corner of Utah is part of the Great Salt Lake desert, sweltering by day and freezing by night. By most people's standards it is a Godforsaken piece of real estate inhabited only by rattlesnakes, kangaroo rats, coyotes and jackrabbits. But the desert offers something starkly beautiful, with a hint of mystery and danger. Barren rocky ridges thrust their backs skyward like brooding prehistoric monsters.

BEING in the middle of this expanse of rocks and brush and low-covered juniper hills was the culmination of several years of thinking and planning to one day trace the railbed of the Central Pacific Railroad. On May 10, 1969 my family and I attended the centennial celebration of the joining of the nation by railroad at Promontory,

Utah. It was an exciting event highlighted by a reenactment of the driving of the golden spike. John Wayne was there and we spoke to him. He had a very keen interest in Western lore. It was then that I decided to explore part of the original route of the Central Pacific Railroad from Lucin, near the Utah-Nevada border, east to Promontory, a 75-mile stretch as remote as any area in America today. The main east-west trackage of the modern Southern Pacific Railroad, which took over the Central Pacific, runs through Lucin and carries tremendous rail tonnage daily between Salt Lake City and the West Coast. Looking northeast from the tracks at Lucin you can see the long abandoned railbed of the Central Pacific snaking through the sagebrush toward Promontory.

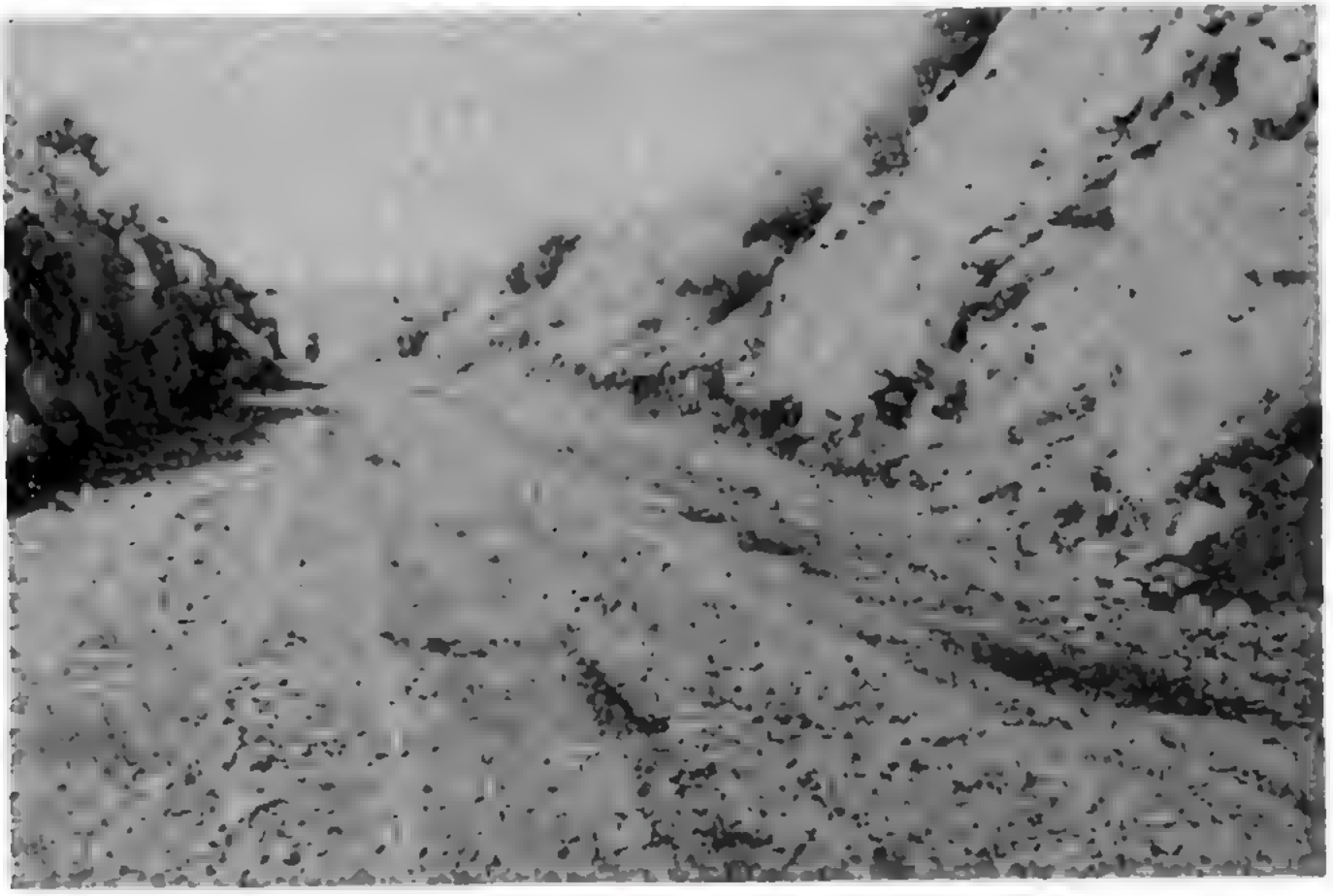
Southern Pacific's engine 1744, now at Corinne, Utah logged thousands of miles between Utah and California.

I decided to use a motorcycle for the desert crossing because of its light weight and versatility. Four-wheel-drive vehicles often bog down in the soft, alkaline soil, and that can be dangerous. Horses are too slow. Bouncing over the roadbed on my cycle, through the dips, over hills, and around brush, I could not help but recall the life-and-death struggle of the men who built a railroad with picks and shovels.

In most places I could move faster than had the loaded trains of the Central Pacific, especially up grades. Third gear pulled me along without lugging the engine. Sometimes it was necessary to kick down to second to get around brush or places where the fill had caved in or eroded away.

There was no smog in the desert and the sun reflected off the alkali with white intensity. Near brackish pools, salt crystals sparkled like diamonds against the green water.

When I parked my bike at the summit of a small hill to eat lunch I looked West, toward Lucin and the Nevada border, down the roadbed built by human muscle and guts. Nearly 111



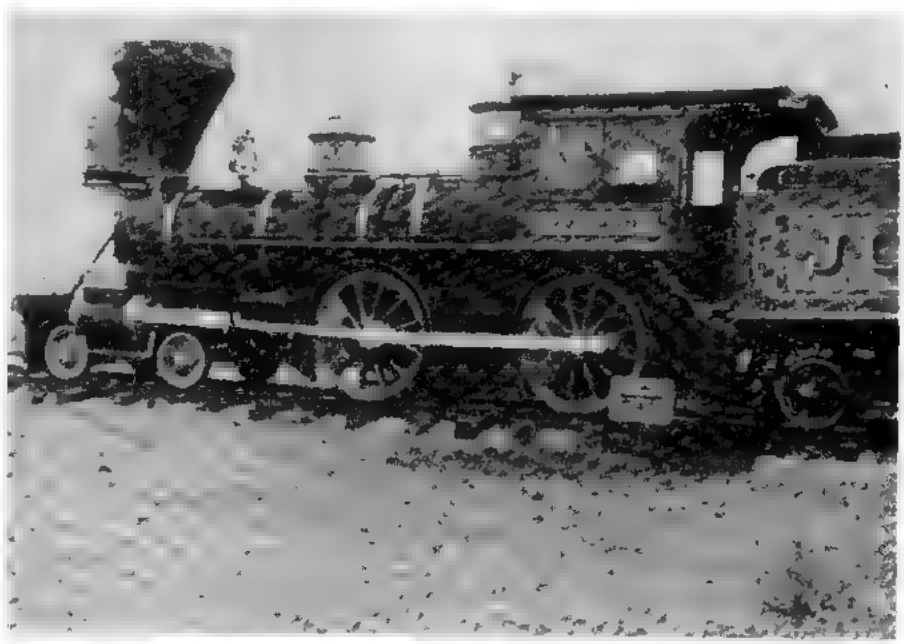
Chinese laborers blasted and cut through the solid rock mountains of Utah. Foster found this stretch of railbed as smooth as a paved highway.

Passengers on the Central Pacific Railroad could look south and see the Great Salt Lake and its isolated, remote islands.

years ago on this very spot 6,000 Chinese workmen labored frantically to make each foot of fill. They knew the tough, Irish crews of the Union Pacific were just a few miles east.

It had been a long, hard struggle for the Central Pacific construction crew. Many died and were buried alongside the roadbed. But each Chinese worker kept pecking away as though he was personally responsible for getting the road built. When he dumped a cart of dirt he didn't walk back for the next load, he ran!

AFTER MUCH politicking in Washington, D.C. during the 1850s and early '60s the transcontinental railroad was finally approved by Congress — and none too soon. It would tie the nation together. In those days there were only three ways to get to California from the east, all dangerous and time-consuming. You could go by ship around the tip of South America, some 15,000 miles. It took about six months if you made it through hurricanes, typhoons, pirates, and monstrous seas. There was the Isthmus of Panama route which required ship and overland travel. It was terribly expensive, and malaria or Panama fever took its grim toll of travelers. If you were extremely brave and hardy you could take the overland route through the Sioux and Cheyenne country. If your wagon or horse made it to California, it usually took about four months.



A replica of engine number 60, or Jupiter as she was known up and down the line. You can see Jupiter at Promontory.

You can imagine the rootin' tootin' celebration on January 8, 1863 in Sacramento when ground-breaking ceremonies started the Central Pacific Railroad crews on construction of a road which would unite California with the East. A day or two later, when the people sobered up and looked at the high, foreboding mountains, there were many second thoughts about building an iron road over them.

Roustabout American laborers ran off every time someone mentioned a new gold find, or they would work only long enough to draw a month's wages

and go on one long drunk.

A year after ground-breaking ceremonies Central Pacific workmen had pushed forward seventeen miles — and they weren't even close to the mountains! By mid 1865, forty-three miles of track had been laid — still not to the mountains! The riff-raff crews were not capable of the task.

Charlie Crocker mentioned to his construction superintendent, J. H. Strobridge, that perhaps Chinese labor should be considered. Strobridge was aghast at the idea — could 4 foot 10 inch, 100 pound men do the heavy work? But since the railroad president had suggested it, the superintendent decided he'd better go along. It wasn't long until Strobridge grudgingly admitted a Chinese could do the work of four white men. Soon he came to admire their tremendous abilities.

Up over the Sierra Nevada the Chinese carved out a roadbed at a cost of half a million dollars per mile. They drilled fifteen tunnels (6,000 feet) and built thirty-seven miles of railroad snowsheds. Sometime avalanches would obliterate hundreds of yards of track in a few seconds — and work would start all over again. The most difficult task was the 1,659-foot-long tunnel through solid granite near Donner's Summit. It took two years and many lives.

In May 1868 the Central Pacific reached Reno — 150 miles of road in five years. Not too good. The Union Pacific was moving West across the plains with amazing speed. Central Pacific officials decided they'd better move out if they wanted to collect the government subsidy money for each mile of track laid. They put 6,000 Chinese at track's end. That was as many men as could work efficiently together. Thirty ships at a time arrived in San Francisco from the East to discharge needed supplies which were rushed by rail to the construction crews pushing toward Utah.

There wasn't much Indian trouble. Chiefs were given free passes to ride the big iron horse, and that kept them happy. Since the Chinese had clean, sober habits there were no camp followers, saloons or gambling houses that continually plagued the Union Pacific.

It was when the CP and UP crews drew closer together across Utah, veering north to get around the Great Salt Lake, that competition became keen. Violence often erupted when the crews came into direct confrontation. The Irishmen didn't like the Chinese and the Chinese had no use for the boisterous, hard-drinking Irishmen.

Luckily the Mormon construction workers acted as a buffer between the CP and UP crews so they did not come in contact very often. The Mormons were hired for grading by both the Central Pacific and Union Pacific, especially the section from Corinne to Kelton. Mormon grading crews for the two competing roads were often working and camping within a few yards of each other. There was no hostility between them — only friendly competition. They would hide each other's equipment, turn horses loose, and steal into the other camp after dark to drop a rattlesnake into the soup pot, but no fighting took place.

The station at Corinne was turned into a museum to preserve railroad history. The building was dismantled into two sections a few years ago and moved by truck to Heber City, about 100 miles southeast. Heber City is the home of the "Heber Creeper," a steam engine which in summer months runs daily between Heber City and Provo.

MY BIKE whined on past the tiny hamlet of Kelton, now only a remote ranching area in the middle of the desert. In its day Kelton was a progressive railroad town, but it died when the line was moved south across an earthfill in the Great Salt Lake.

On east to Promontory the cycle kicked up white dust and I tasted alkali — the bitter saline taste of the salt desert. The land is flat and barren for quite a few miles before you can see the Golden Spike National Monument visitor's center. That beautiful building stands like an oasis in a sea of sagebrush desert. It is maintained by the U.S. Department of the Interior and is well worth the drive from Salt Lake City. A stone marker designates the spot where the golden spike was driven. There are also steam engines and many other interesting things to see.

But back in 1869 Promontory was a bustling town. There were Y turnaround tracks and several sidings. I was now parked on the spot where the Golden Spike Hotel had stood. Nearby there had been saloons, gambling dens and bawdy houses. Promontory gradually died away to nothing — it lost its residents and then the railroad.

Promontory was the historic spot where the two railroads joined the nation on May 10, 1869. It was not the main railroad town in Utah, however. Corinne, now a sleepy Utah farming and ranching community a few miles east, was where the action was. It was the most colorful city in the West, especially if you liked scarlet. There were twenty-eight saloons, numerous gambling dens, and eighty prostitutes. If twenty-four hours passed without a murder at Corinne, or neighboring tent camps such as Dead Man's Gulch, it was worthy of notice in the local paper.

There is now a small railroad museum at Corinne featuring pioneer railroad memorabilia. It is easily accessible on a paved highway, just three miles off Interstate 15 near Brigham City, Utah.

I ended the long bike ride at Promontory. From there a paved highway connects it to the outside world. Crossing the flat desert, the hills and finally the low mountains, under a cool, cloudy Utah sky, I had enjoyed the exhilaration that comes from escaping civilization. In the wilderness I felt linked to those brave men who had lived and died by the lonely, windswept railbed over a century ago.

PROHIBITED

THE JAMES-YOUNGER ROBBERY IN COLUMBIA

Inside job or not, it didn't go according to plan . . .

By
BRIAN TURNER
Photos provided by author

BETWEEN 8 and 9 a.m. on April 29, 1872 five men rode into the public square of Columbia, Kentucky. Three of the men dismounted in front of the Bank of Columbia. Two entered while the third stood just outside the bank's door. The two still on horseback rode slowly around the square.

There were five local people in the bank when the two men entered. Judge Jas. Garnett, president of the bank, Major T. C. Winfrey, W. H. Hudson, and James T. Page were sitting in chairs, close to the door, talking. R. A. C. Martin, the cashier, was behind the counter in the rear of the bank, getting ready for the day's business.

One of the men who had entered moved to the counter. Then, both men pulled pistols. Seeing the guns, Judge Garnett yelled, "Bank robbers!" The outlaw who had remained up front (later identified as Cole Younger) turned on the judge with the intention of hitting him over the head with his pistol. Hudson seized a chair and hit Younger on the hand holding the gun. Judge Garnett tried to take the gun away from the outlaw. The pistol went off, hitting the judge on the arm. It later had to be amputated.

The other outlaw (later learned to be Frank James) turned to see what the commotion was about up front, temporarily taking his eyes off Martin who was still behind the counter. Martin used this chance to go for a pistol that was in a drawer under the counter.

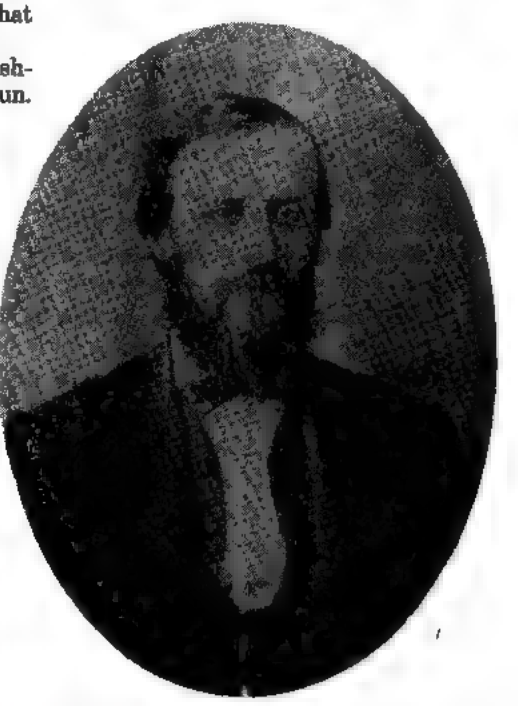
Returning his attention to the cashier, James saw him going for the gun. The outlaw mortally wounded Martin, a bullet hitting him just below the armpit and ranging downward into his body.

Winfrey and Page took advantage of the confusion and escaped through the front door. Seeing their hasty exit, the two mounted outlaws and the one beside the door started firing at anything that moved. Page made it to cover safely but Winfrey was slightly injured when he started through the door of Kemp's Drug Store and a bullet hit the door facing and sent splinters into his face.

Inside the bank Judge Garnett and Hudson had been grappling with Younger. They finally managed to throw him to the floor and escape. The whole incident did not take over a few seconds but in that time one citizen had been mortally wounded and another had lost use of his arm forever.

A few people were on the square at the time. Obviously the three robbers were only trying to scare everyone off the street, for if they had been trying to harm anyone their shooting would have been much more accurate.

As was shown by the trail of blood in the bank, Cole Younger and Frank James dragged the wounded Martin from the counter back to the vault



Left: The Bank of Columbia as it looked at the time of the robbery. Above: R.A.C. Martin, killed on April 29, 1872.

(where his body was found by the first people to enter the bank after the robbery). Martin either died before he could open the vault — or wouldn't. The robbers left him there, where he died shortly after.

The gang could only take the money left out for the day's business. Conflicting accounts place it somewhere between $600 and $1500.

Frank, Cole and the man who had been positioned outside the door mounted their horses and all five outlaws rode out of town.

SOMETIME before the robbery the gang had been seen in Monticello and Glasgow, Kentucky. They may have intended to rob one of these banks but for unknown reasons decided against it. They moved on toward Columbia where for several days before the robbery they had been living with families in Adair and neighboring Russel County.

A man fitting the description of Frank James had been staying with the family of one of the more prominent farmers in Adair County. Frank had become quite friendly with the grandmother after showing great interest in her Bible and copy of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The latter he borrowed and, as indicated by the bookmark, had almost finished reading it when he returned it to her.

After the robbery the gang rode out on Burkesville Street and stayed on it until they came to Petitt's Fork; turning up this small creek, they followed it past Conover's Mill.

The robbers encountered William Conover as he walked past a gate that led to his farm. Jesse James (who was identified by a description given by Conover) told him to open the gate. Conover asked in a very disrespectful way why he didn't do it himself. All at once he found himself looking into the barrels of five cocked pistols. The surprised Conover opened the gate, bowed low, and told them to "pass right through." From that day until his death he was known as "Open-the-Gate" Bill Conover.

Conover had started home when he met a posse chasing the band of outlaws. Hurrying home for his gun and horse, he joined them. The outlaws lost the posse when they circled north into Taylor County and were last seen going into the hills of Nelson County.

Although I am convinced the James-Younger Gang robbed the Columbia Bank, a few old-timers around Columbia claim that it was an inside job. But if this was so they would have gotten the money out of the vault instead of settling for the money that had been left out for the day's transactions.

Another theory is that it was a group of moonshiners from the mountains of Tennessee. This can also be disproved for three reasons: (1) Even with the difficulties suffered by the bandits, the robbery was reportedly done in too professional a manner to have been pulled by a group of amateurs; (2) When the robbers left town they started south then turned north — if they had been from Tennessee they would have kept going south; (3) Descriptions given to Captain Bligh, Louisville Chief of Detectives, by Garnett, Winfrey, Page, Hudson and Conover matched those of Frank and Jesse James and Cole Younger.

People have also argued about the identity of the fourth and fifth outlaws. Some say it was two of Cole Younger's brothers or cousins; others say one was Clell Miller. But no one can be sure who they were.

A picture of R. A. C. Martin hangs in the Bank of Columbia in remembrance of his supreme sacrifice, and partial success, in trying to stop the robbery.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 7)

has "Luther Knopp, grandson of Mary Stansberry Payne" on the back. Was she my grandfather's sister?

I have records of all descendants of the three Stansberrys after coming to California. Any information as to parents, brothers and sisters of other relatives of the elder Stansberrys would be appreciated. They were all born in the area of Wheeling, West Virginia as far as I know, which at that time was just Virginia. — Ruth V. Orzalli, P.O. Box 163, Sierraville, California 96126

Hayes — Reed

I am seeking ancestors and other data of the Hayes and Reed families. John Hayes was born in 1805 somewhere in Indiana. He married Jane ?, born in 1810 in Indiana. John died July 26, 1867 and Jane died October 23, 1869 in Atchison County, Missouri.

James Reed, son of John Reed and Elizabeth ? married Sarah Ann Hayes on July 26, 1852 in Missouri. John Reed died in 1859 in Atchison County. The date of his wife's death is not known. In his will his wife, one son, Isaac William Reed, and five daughters, Mary Ann Scott, Eliza Jane Cole, Sarah Ann Reed, Matilda Townsend, and Phebe Elizabeth Richards were listed. Iaasc was born in Atchison County, Missouri; his sisters were all born in Indiana. James and Sarah Reed died sometime in the late 1870s in Nemaha County, Nebraska.

I will exchange information and reimburse all postage. — Donald H. Juilfs, 5709 Madison Avenue, Lincoln, Nebraska 68507

Franks — Hudspeth — Cummings Black — Abbot

A am seaching for information on the Franks, Hudspeth, and Cummings families who were from North and South Carolina, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. Also the Black and Abbot (Abbott) families from South Carolina, Arkansas, and Atlanta, Georgia. — Bernice M. Nipper, 1209 South 800 West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104

Baise — Baize — Baze — Boze

Lost, two girls: Sarah E. Baze, born about 1844 and Charlotte C. Baze about 1846, both in Missouri. They are shown as daughters of William and Jane Kizer Baze in the 1850 census of Barry County, Missouri and in the 1860 census of Lampasas County, Texas. The will of William Baze, filed in Lampasas in 1861, includes them among seven other children. Names in the text are spelled "Baize" but signature on the original will, now in the Snyder, Texas Museum is "Baze."

Jane Kizer Baze died on April 18, 1903 in Alamogordo and was buried in LaLuz, New Mexico. The obituary spelled her name "Baize." Authentic records end here. On September 24, 1865 their uncle, D.P. Baze, M.G. (who later spelled his name "Baize") performed a marriage for Clay Cobb and Mrs. Sarah E. Leatherwood at Bold Springs, Mc Lennan County, Texas. Could the bride be the former Sarah E. Baze? On May 1, 1873 their brother, M.P. Baise, sold some city lots in Lampasas to Mrs. C. Clayton. Then on August 8, 1877 Charlotte Clayton of Coleman County sold the same lots to R.P. Clayton. On May 6, 1878 R.P. Clayton of Runnels County sold the same lots to John C. Matthews of Lampasas County. Could the C. Clayton or Charlotte Clayton be the former Charlotte E. Baze?

Before he died in Mitchell County, Texas on November 22, 1933, my grandfather, M.P. Baze, said many times that one of his sisters died in the Territory of New Mexico while her family was on a prospecting trip "out West." He never did say her name, date or specific location of her death; just that she was buried beside the trail. I was not interested enough before my grandfather died to ask questions. Old documents written in longhand which were not completely legible resulted in the name "Baze" being copied as "Boze." I will exchange information. — Albert E. Baze, 3532 Socorro Road, Fort Worth, Texas 76116

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50	Winter 1976	1.25
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It has a bad reputation but when a man wants to stay alive,

THE DESERT WILL DO ITS PART

By BERT JUDIA
as told to
EVE BALL

WHEN A COWBOY goes out alone with a bunch of cattle he must carry all of his equipment on one horse. That includes guns, ammunition, bedroll and food. I always took a coffeepot, too, tied to the horn of my saddle.

A cowboy must cook meals without a Dutch oven by wrapping food around a stick and holding it over the coals. He takes salt pork, but can usually kill antelope or prairie chickens if he is fortunate enough to run across any. He must mix bread in the top of his sack of flour provided he can find water. He must rely on his slicker to keep his equipment and saddle dry, for he cannot take a tarp (tarpaulin) and it sometimes *does* rain.

Of necessity he studies the terrain and its resources. They differ in places but each has plants and animals that are valuable to him.

When I read of people who get lost in the desert and die of hunger and thirst, I wonder at the lack of knowledge of the "superior race." I never knew of an Indian's being unable to sustain life under such circumstances. With a knife and a blanket, Mr. Apache survived.

One of the most useful of all plant life, next to grass, is the yucca. One winter I took a bunch of cattle from the famous San Augustine Ranch of W.W. Cox south toward El Paso, Texas. The east slope of the Organ Mountains afforded good grazing though there was little grass. It was a land of yuccas and a few clumps of mesquite. Each was banked by blowing sand and the mesquite had hummocks sometimes three feet above the surrounding level. The yucca had lower accumulations but high enough that water ran off, leaving a dry place at the base of the plant. Rodents and birds know that it is usually warm by the roots of that plant and they sleep there. Grass around the yucca is worn thin by them. I have spread my bedroll there, too.

One can always start a fire with a yucca. The old blossom stalks die and fall to the ground. I have often used those stalks to make a fire for branding calves. The stems are jointed and where they unite with the plant the stalk flares into a cup shape that is always oily. Even when it is raining, if a man is careful he can start a fire and get warm, for the stalk is hollow and the thin woody part flammable. Tear off a branch from a dead one and nine times out of ten you can ignite it with one match. Many a cowboy caught in a blizzard has saved his life by getting a fire started this way.

In the spring the yucca sends up tender shoots, much as asparagus does, and like that vegetable those stalks are tender and edible. The Indians knew that and cooked them, as I did. They are a welcome change from salt pork, *frijoles* and rice.

When the yucca blooms the petals are edible. That, too, I learned from the Apaches, who cook them. They taste much like cabbage. That may have been a desecration of God's candles (the yucca blossom) but they were a Godsend to Apaches, cattle and me. We fattened on them.

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The yucca has one large taproot that goes deep into the earth. Chopped and added to water it yields an excellent soap and was used not only by Indians but by white intruders in their land.

Mesquite, too, is a boon to man and beast. In West Texas there is much of it, and it sometimes grows twelve or more feet high. If there is little grass, cattle feed on the leaves. So do horses. I've ridden mounts that had little else to eat and were as fat as grain-fed ones.

Even in times of drought the mesquite produces beans, most of which grow on the upper part of the tree. When stock has eaten those that can be reached, ranchers cut down the top limbs for them and animals thrive.

The Indians found the mesquite bean a welcome source of food. They pounded the dry pods to extract the seed, winnowed them and ground them on *metates* (grinding stones). With dried venison in one bag of their emergency ration kit and mesquite bean meal in the other, one end was slipped under Mr. Apache's belt and never left it. Even the small children slept with one. Cooked, the combination of meat and ground beans made a nutritious and palatable dish. Occasionally today it is eaten on the Mescalero Apache Reservation.

Moreover, mesquite furnishes good fuel. The roots go deep and are large. They make good firewood, and ranchers grub them for fuel.

The farther West from Texas, the fewer and smaller the mesquite. Gradually it is replaced by other forms of vegetation, including those old prickly pears. The young tender leaves, with thorns singed or removed by rubbing in the sand, make a very tasty dish especially if cooked till tender and seasoned with meat. They are also eaten raw as a salad. Split in half they make a poultice for wounds. And when old and tough the outer skin can be removed and contents used for dishcloths. The fruit of the prickly pear is very good. Dried, it keeps indefinitely. It has enough sugar to be nutritious and is much like the dried plum.

Then there's the barrel cactus, which the cowboys called nigger heads. They grow on top of the ground and have almost no roots. One can easily be pulled up with a lariat. By cutting a hole with a knife one can get a cup or more of water depending on the season. That juice is a little bitter but it is wet and has saved many a life. Barrel cacti like hot country and there are many around Tucson, Phoenix and in the Sulphur Spring Valley.

The giant cactus, the Saguaro, too, bears fruit, and it is delicious. The Apaches prefer it to dates. It tastes much like an avocado, but is larger. I like it the best of all fruit, but it is difficult to harvest. It usually grows around the top of the Saguaro stalk. By using a long pole with a fork at the end it can be lifted from the tall column and lowered to the sand. As do all others, the Saguaro has thorns.

That old jointed cactus (cholla) is good for little except that the wood in the stems is useful for cooking and branding.

And there are roots that resemble potatoes. They are hard to find; nobody but an Indian has much luck hunting them.

There is another great gift we owe to cacti. Unless you have seen the desert in blossom, you don't know how beautiful cacti can be. I have heard people who upon first seeing these plants are depressed by what they call the dusty, contorted, tortured things. I can understand their first reactions.

But in years when there is a succession of heavy rains the cactus blooms. Magically, it seems, brilliant blossoms burst into gorgeous color. Not even the sunsets of Arizona can rival them in beauty.

To me, though, they are surpassed by the most beautiful of all — the white and fragrant cereus. The blossom opens at night and closes during the day and can be located by its exquisite odor. It is worth anyone's while to visit the desert after dark to enjoy it; and many people do that. The cereus isn't necessary for survival, but it satisfies a craving for beauty that even an old cowboy appreciates and enjoys.

BEEF is always available to a cowboy; it is the main source of food — it and *frijoles*. But to a tenderfoot lost on the desert, protein is a problem. The odds are against his having a gun or being able to hit a mark. To people

Photos courtesy
Texas Highway Department

A cowboy can take heart from these desert dwellers: prickly pear, on preceding page; cholla, above; and yucca, right.

familiar with the dèrsert, the case isn't so hopeless.

There is always the rabbit — both the cottontail and the jackrabbit. The former is scarcer as one goes West, but the jackrabbit becomes more numerous. And the meat of a young cottontail is not only edible but palatable. That of the long ears is apt to be stringy and tough but is nourishing. And if one is hungry, food is food.

The meat of the prairie dog, too, is good. Killing one is easy but retrieving it is difficult. The so-called dog sits at the entrance of his burrow and if killed his body usually falls into the tunnel and is hard to dig out.

Nor is the pack rat to be despised. The Indians ate them, and so has many a pilgrim. Even insects are edible. The Apaches killed and dried grasshoppers. Today health food stores sell them as gourmet food.

In Arizona the armadillo was in some places available. Nor is the humble tortoise to be despised when one is hungry. The Indians of the central plains often resorted to a meal of *terrapin* if other game was not available.

Dore Burke, venerable cowboy for the famous XIT ranch, filed on a homestead near Monument, New Mexico when homesteading began in the area. A band of Comanches wandered down into that country hunting and found no game. That was unusual, for twice a year the buffalo migration drew many hunters; and almost always antelope abounded on those plains. This year there was neither.

The Indians selected a small open glade, and burned mesquite wood to coals. Then armed with clubs they formed a huge circle about the fire and began beating the *chaparral*. A few rabbits emerged and were killed, but hundreds of tortoises scuttled toward the center. As the Comanches kept them moving toward the fire in the center, others joined them.

When the herd reached the perimeter of the glowing coals they were prodded and thrown into it by their hungry hunters. When sufficiently cooked the carcasses were raked out, the shells broken open and the Indians feasted.

The rattlesnake, another food source, was found from Missouri and Arkansas to the deserts of California. A cowboy on the fenceless plains of western Kansas happened to see a pedestrian Westward-bound on the Santa Fe Trail. A person on foot meant a man needinghelp, so the cowboy rode to his rescue. When he drew near to the queer object he thought at first that the man carried a whip as one would a rifle — a whip with a heavy lash that strangely writhed and squirmed. It suddenly resolved itself into a five-foot rattlesnake, secured to the end of a rifle.

The traveler identified himself as Charles Lummis and the snake as his emergency rations. If it were killed, Lummis explained, the meat would spoil. He carried everything else in his knapsack — frying pan, coffee pot, toilet articles, a change of clothing, a blanket and his diary. He was on his way to the Pacific Coast; might stop in the Pueblos of New Mexico; had mail and necessities sent ahead to post offices so he could renew supplies.

"The desert," concluded Bert Judia, "does its part. The rest is up to you."

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 21)

has gathered together a vast number of legends about the legendary general.

Frost describes many incidents in Custer's life unknown to most readers. He also presents the pros and cons on whether Custer was a fool. Frost also presents facts and lets the reader judge for himself the place in history accorded to George Custer.

This highly readable book may well cause some controversy among Custer buffs. But regardless of your point of view the book is delightful reading. Many photographs, notes and a good index are included. Recommended.

KNIFE GUIDE

The Knife Identification and Value Guide by Bernard Levine (Knife World Publications, P.O. Box 3395, Knoxville, TN 37917, 184 pages, $7.95 paperback, 7½ x 11 inches).

This new book contains thirty-six articles that originally appeared in the column "Whut Izzit?" published in *Knife World* magazine. The articles, indexed and cross-referenced, discuss different types of old and unusual knives. Drawings and photos are included.

The author, a recognized authority on the subject, provides a great deal of historical background on knives. A majority of the knives discussed are pocket knives. In many instances Levine includes information on patents. He includes information on knives used by farriers and divers, and such interesting ones as the Red Cross hewing knife, the push dagger, mountain men's knives, a smoker's knife, hacking knife and many others.

The author also includes an index of knife markings. This nicely produced book should become a standard reference work for collectors of knives, especially pocket knives. Recommended.

ARIZONA DESERT

Discovering the Desert by William G. McGinnies (University of Arizona Press, Box 3398, Tucson, AZ 85722, 276 pages, $21.95 hardcover, $9.50 paper, 6 x 9 inches).

This book provides a fascinating introduction to desert life in the Southwest. The author, an authority on arid lands, tells of the first U.S. scientists who sought to discover the nature of North American deserts. Their headquarters was the Carnegie Desert Botanical Laboratory located west of Tucson, Arizona. McGinnies begins by telling their story, and how they learned that plant life is able to flourish in high temperatures and during periods of drought.

Although scholarly in nature, the book is fascinating. In seven chapters the author looks at the nature of deserts in North America and southern Mexico. He describes the Sonoran Desert, desert mountains, desert climate and conditions, and desert plants and their relationship to their surroundings.

Many illustrations are included along with three maps plus lists of plant names, both common and scientific. There also is a bibliography and index.

NEW MEXICO AND COLORADO — IN 1881, —

by C.M. Chase. Reprint of twenty-eight letter written by the editor of the Vermont Union, Lyndon, Vermont. The original is quite scarce. Chase gives his views on "wicked" towns in Kansas, mining areas, Indians, the morals of Raton, etc. Territorial history with plenty of adventure.

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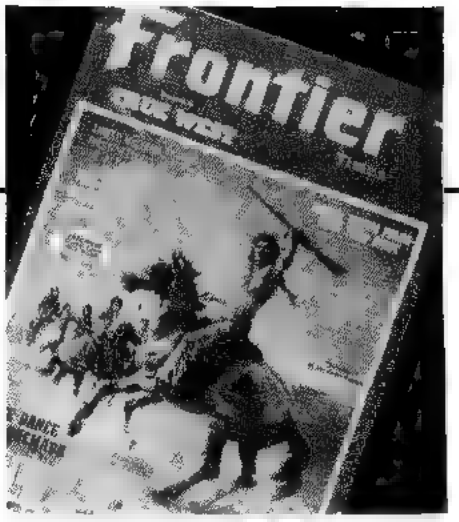

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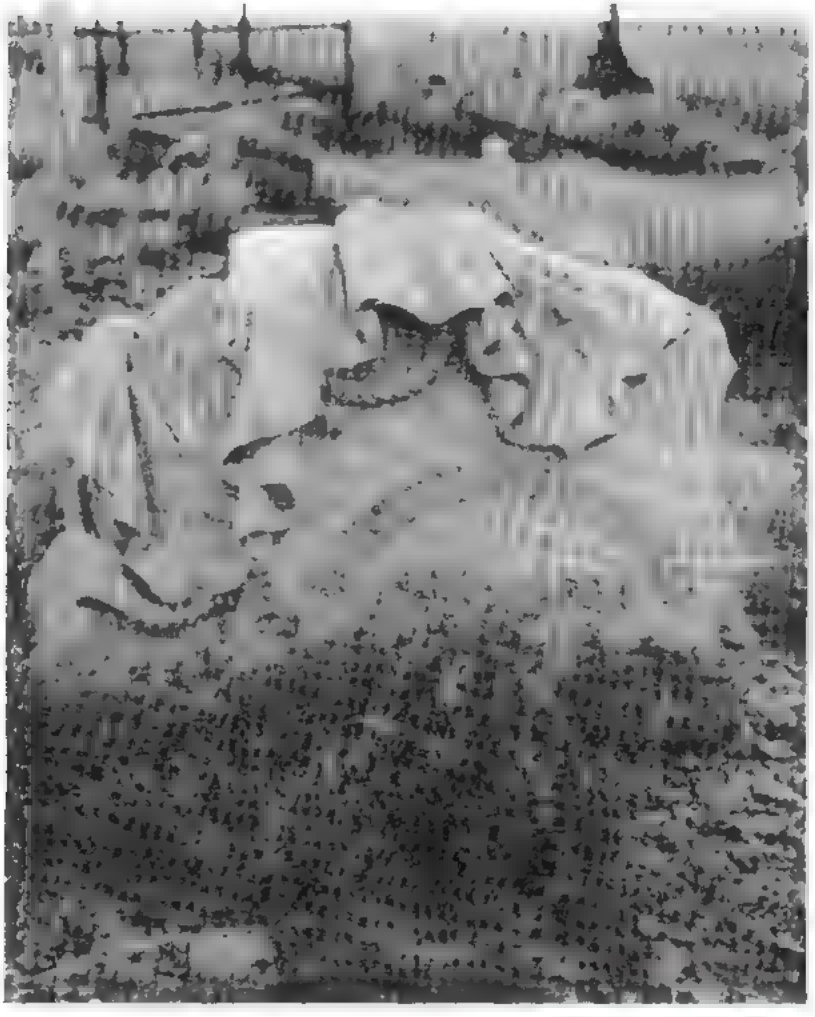
BURIED—ALONG WITH THEIR STORIES

Photos by DON MILLER

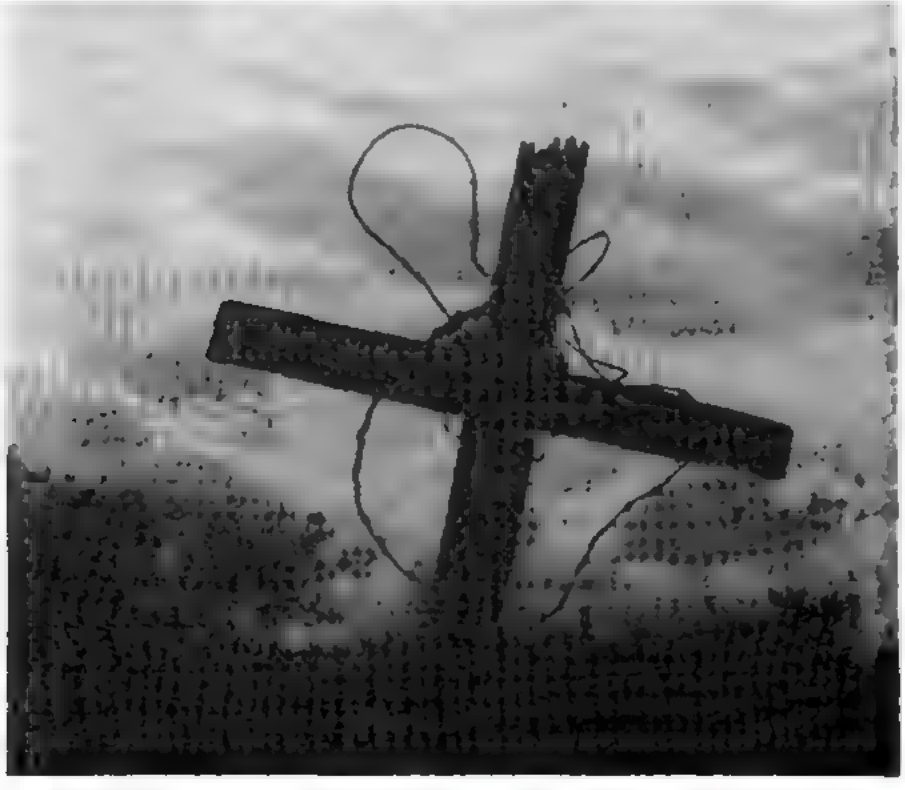
If, among our readers, someone recalls an incident or recognizes a marker or knows something about these people who died out West; write us a letter about it. These pioneers should be remembered . . . The only information our author-photographer was able to find is given in the captions.

A partially painted fence surrounds a grave in the Tuscarora, Nevada cemetery.

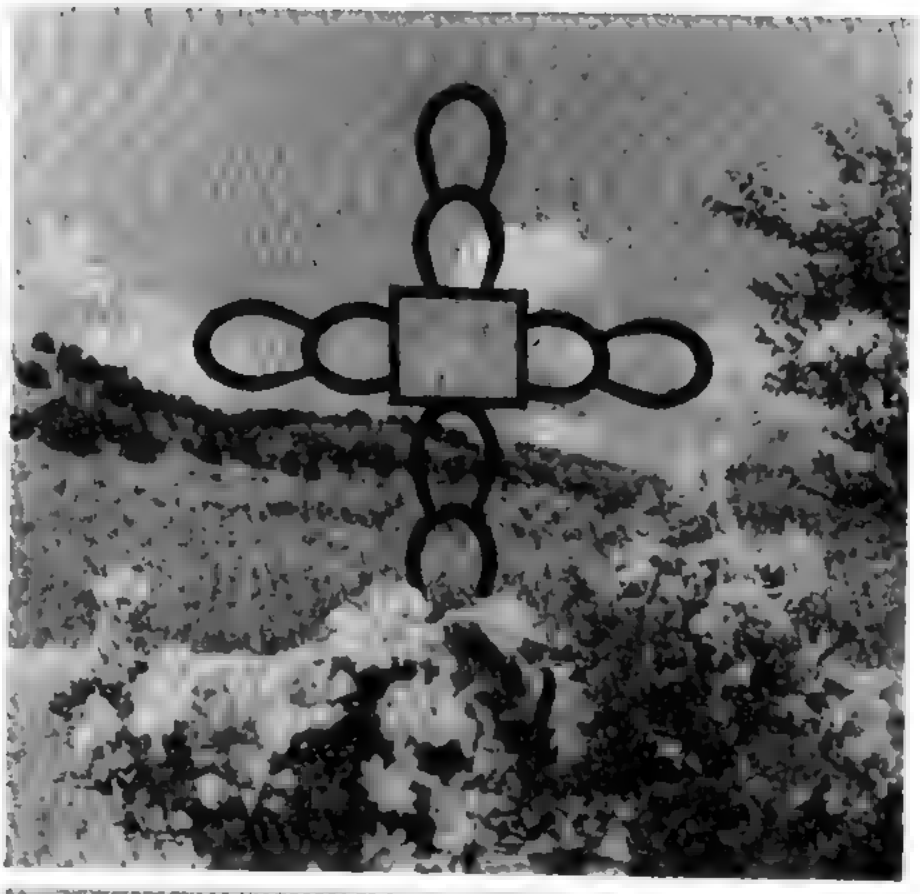


Left: The unusual gravemarker of Henriette Grabenhorst in the Carbon, Wyoming cemetery. Above: A poignant marker in Tintic, Utah.

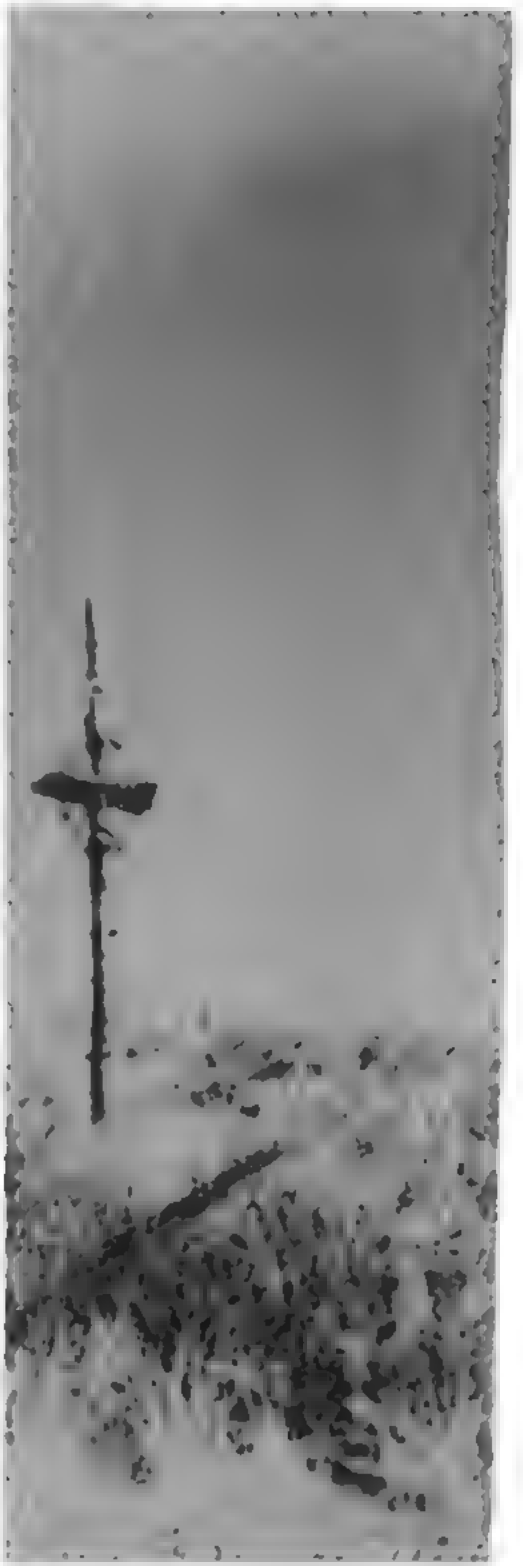
Top Right: Marker for Harry A. Stafford, "borned" in 1871, in Cimarron, New Mexico. Above: In Dawson, New Mexico crosses mark the graves of 383 miners who died in mine explosions in 1913 and 1923.



Top: The fading marker of Savester Scott, killed in a gunfight at Florence, Idaho. Above: An aging wooden cross at Gleason, Arizona.



Top left: An unusual gravesite in the Cumberland, Wyoming cemetery. Top right: Marker in Cimarron, New Mexico. Left: The marker of Nils Simelius in Carbon, Wyoming attests to the many nationalities at work in the Carbon mines. Above: Part of the unkept cemetery at Congress, Arizona.



Top: Aging markers support each other in the Tuscarora, Nevada cemetery. Above: The image of the deceased was transferred to a china plaque, then to this headstone in Dawson, New Mexico.

Left: Two rough wooden crosses near the deserted ghost town of Current, Nevada. Top: A simple marker for Dan Plum at Congress, Arizona. Above: Marker in the Cumberland, Wyoming cemetery.

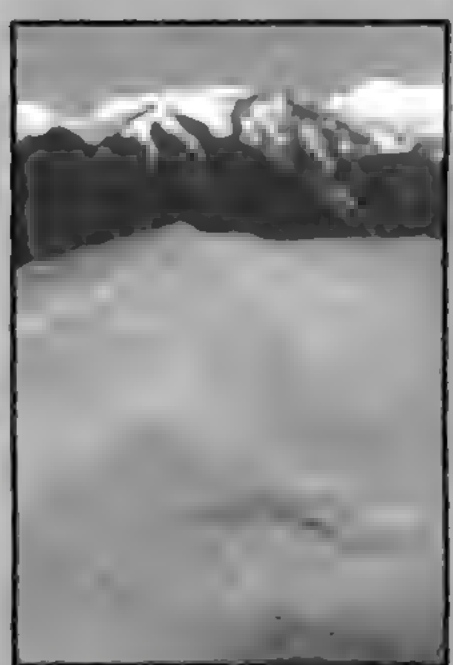
Wild Old Days!

ULYSSES HERARD
MOUNTAIN MAN OF THE SANGRE DE CRISTOS

By Tom Jenkins

ULYSSES HERARD was one of the last of the mountain men who left behind the legacy of the rugged individualists who fought the wilderness and the Indians to open the West. Born in Kentucky, he moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico as a young man where he became a trapper and explorer. He was one of the first white men to see the beauty of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains and the Wet Mountain Valley. He was also the first white man to explore the Arkansas River from its headwaters to the mouth of the Royal Gorge.

Left Ulysses Herard Right The Great Sand Dunes at the base of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in south-east Colorado. Dunes Wide stream Medano Creek in early summer with the dunes and mountains in background



Storm clouds gather around the 14,191-foot Crestone Needle.

heard about the Dunes ghosts wandering after nightfall, webbed footed horses leaping across the dune crests in the moonlight the disappearance of 1,000 sheep and entire wagontrains in the shifting sands, and tales of buried gold along Medano Creek

Many Indian tribes, notably the Utes who dominated the Valley for years as well as Spanish Conquistadors including Francisco Coronado in 1540 seeking "the gold drenched but illusive city of Quivira" were drawn to the Dunes Traces of arrastras in addition to Indian bones occasionally became exposed by the moving sand Visible for seventy miles the wind sculptured mounds of sand constantly change color in the glare of the sun become chocolate and purple with lengthening shadows, and by moonlight are even more eerie There is a weird musical moaning as the sand slides in the wind Young Ulysses Herard became so enchanted by the Dunes that never again was he far from the shadow of the 14 191 foot mountain called Crestone Needle

DESCENDING Medano Pass the small family settled in an area named Deadman Gulch equidistant between Crestone Needle to the north and the San Dunes to the south Rich soil six streams with their source nearby and a spectacular view made it a homesteader's dream, but unfortunately, only three years after the Herards had settled there they learned that a clear title to their "property" could not be obtained, and they were forced to look elsewhere

Although barely sixteen Ulysses made exploratory excursions into the mountains seeking a homesite in places where as far as is known, "no white man had ever set foot before" Eventually he discovered a fertile meadow later named Medano Park The Herard family started a homestead there, near the source of Medano Creek, building a cabin from hand hewn logs

When Ulysses was about twenty years of age, he was kicked in the jaw by a horse Both eardrums were broken, which left him almost totally deaf He hollowed out a large cow horn for people to speak into and carried a pad and pencil for friends and neighbors to communicate with him He did not diminish his activity In 1890 the family, which by then included Mary Frances (Dickerson) who had become Ulysses' wife three years earlier, established a fish hatchery and stocked the nearby ponds with rainbow trout.

Two years later, Ulysses father died, followed by his mother's death in 189" Ulysses had to assume sole operation of the mountain ranch He stocked his ranch with thoroughbred horses whose offspring it is presumed, were a part of the wild herds that roamed the Sand Dunes area for years He also started a herd of Hereford cattle, increasing its size to almost 6,000 at one time and he ran this herd singlehandedly in an area in which there were no fences

After the turn of the century a long, solitary period began for Ulysses Herard His wife ran away with a forest ranger, whose occupation is of no significance except for the semi amusing fact that Herard carried on a harmless feud with the U S Forest Service long afterward Following his wife's departure, what immediately happened to their only child Julia, born at that Medano ranch in 1869 is not clear Later records show that she married and lived 19"6

Herard's energy seemed unflagging During his lifetime he trapped more than 100 mountain lions and once had an encounter with a gigantic black bear On this occasion, he had come upon two bear cubs on a high trail above his cabin. Suddenly, the mother bear appeared, intending to "rescue" her cubs The huge bear frightened the horse which threw Herard to the ground His gun was somehow jammed, leaving him with only a hand axe that he carried in his belt After a bloody scuffle, Herard killed the bear with the axe

Absent from written records and almost unknown except by those few people still living who knew him, Ulysses Herard's vicissitudes failed to diminish his spirit and his life long love for his beautiful Sangre de Cristo world Never locking his cabin door he became famous for his honesty and his hospitality, his rustic home (the "French man's") becoming a landmark in the region He only expected visitors to clean up, wash their dishes and refill the woodbox from the large stockpile outside

Herard lived in his high mountain meadow until 1930 when at age seventy one his daughter Julia and his two grandsons finally convinced him to move out of the mountains Ten years later after a lifetime that spanned the terms of office of seventeen U S Presidents, from Buchanan to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, he died One ironic touch was his place of burial His wife, who had remarried, died in 1928 and was buried in Lakewood Cemetery in Canon City, Colorado And at his death twelve years later Ulysses was buried "beside his wife in the family plot" Fifty miles distant from this cemetery, the immutable Crestone Needle continues to cast its shadow on his old, dilapidated cabin.

CAVE AND SKELETON MYSTERY

By Bill Collars

IN MY early years I lived in Wyoming where I had relatives While there I became well acquainted with a rancher who had been a cowboy when the range was unfenced and roundup wagons operated from May until snowflakes drove them in in the fall His name was Bert Warren He'd been roundup foreman for a few years.

In fact, the height of Bert's ambition was to be a roundup foreman, so of course he had many tales to tell about his experiences The one I remember best is the following.

"One year when I was ridin' with the 21 wagon the brand of the owner of the roundup was a 21 and a roundup was usually referred to as the wagon, we was workin' the country down Little Thunder Crick on beef gather Where the wagon was camped was between the Rochelle Hills an' Red Butte Since most of that was rough country an'

covered with lots of pines and junipers it was hard country to work so the wagon sometimes camped two-three days in one place so we could gather all the cattle runnin' in there.

"One day me an' a hombre called Red — I never did learn his last handle — was paired up on mornin' circle through them Rochelle Hills. When I rode out on a little bench with a forty foot drop-off on one side an' a fifty foot sandstone butte on the other I come right smack-dab onto a horse skeleton that was shore a mystery.

"The skeleton had a saddle on an' a bridle, an' the bridle reins was tied to a little jack pine. An' right behind the skeleton in that sandstone butte was a cave. So I yelled down to Red who was 'bout two hundred yards away below me to come up an' see what I'd found. When he got there he was kind of wringy 'cause I'd disturbed him in his work.

" 'What in hell did yuh find yuh wanted me tuh see?' he kind of growled. But when I showed him that horse skeleton with a saddle an' bridle on it, his eyes bugged out like he couldn't believe what he was a-lookin' at. He said, 'Well, I'll be go to hell!'

"We couldn't take much time tuh look ever'thing over 'cause when you're ridin' circle you have to keep humpin' yourself or you might not git to the cuttin' grounds with your pickup of cattle till after all the other boys have got in, an' that don't set well with the boss. But we give it a quickie look-see before ridin' on.

"We figgered the horse had been dead five years but it could of been twice that long. The bones wasn't scattered around too much an' the backbone an' most of the ribs was still intact an' all connected to the head an' neck in one piece. An' most of the saddle an' bridle was still in place but kind of chawed by coyotes an' porkypines. An' lobo wolves had prob'bly got in on it too. They was still a few pieces of hide hangin' to the skeleton an' scattered around.

"That there cave back into that sandstone butte had pro'bly been a wolf den at one time but looked like it'd been dug out bigger so a human could crawl into it easier. It was too dark tuh see back into it very far, but we rammed a ten foot pole back into it an' didn't come to the end of it. We'd need a lantern to explore it proper.

"ME AN' RED, we knowed if we'd tell the rest of the boys what we'd found, the world would git out an' some son-of-a-gun would git ahead of us an' go up there an' find out what was in that cave. An' we didn't want 'em to 'cause we wanted tuh do that. So we made it up not tuh tell nobody, an' after the wagon had pulled in for the winter, what it'd do in a couple more months, we'd take a pack outfit an' ride back out tuh them Rochelle Hills tuh where we'd found that skeleton an' cave an' go back intuh that cave an' see what we could find. Wondered if we'd find the skeleton of the rider of that horse back in there.

"So before we rode on we looked the country over good so we wouldn't have no trouble ridin' right back there. But we was sure we wouldn't have no trouble doin' that; could almost do it with our eyes shut.

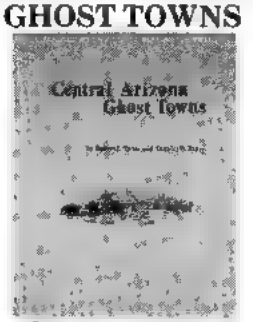
"When snowflakes run the wagon in that November me an' Red took a couple of pack horses with a tent an' 'bout a week's supply of grub an' rode back to them Rochelle Hills. We figgered we'd prob'ly only be gone two-three days; one day tuh ride from Upton out there, one day tuh explore that cave, an' one day tuh ride back tuh town.

"But we shore as hell found it wasn't easy as duck soup like we figured it'd be. Although we was dead sure we wouldn't have no trouble ridin' right back tuh where we'd found the horse skeleton with the saddle an' bridle on it, we hadn't took intuh consideration they's so much of that country so damned near all alike. We not only failed tuh ride right back tuh that horse skeleton but we rode through them there Rochelle Hills a solid week an' never found hide or hair of that horse skeleton. But we could of rode 'thin fifty yards of it an' not knowed it. So when our grub run out we throwed 'er up as a bad job an' pulled our freight outa there, an' tuh hell with it.

"That was about 1900, an' I never did hear of nobody ever findin' that horse skeleton with a saddle an' bridle on it. An' circle riders on roundup have rode through there half a dozen times a year ever since. An' none of 'em ever found it that I know of although we told it soon as we got back tuh Upton. An' I know they was people spent time lookin' for it. Even a few mutton punchers herded sheep through them hills an' never found it. At least I never heard of any of 'em or nobody else findin' it.

"So I still don't know whether or not the skeleton of the rider of that horse is in that cave," Bert Warren told me, "but I'd give a couple month's wages tuh find out."

CENTRAL ARIZONA GHOST TOWNS



by Stanley W. Paher

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OUR DOG, OLD SNOW

By T.D. Barnhart

MY FATHER and grandparents were in and out of northeastern Oklahoma several years before moving from MacDonald County (northwestern part of Missouri) to Indian Territory right around the turn of the century. They eventually took up land along Grand River in the northern part of Delaware County. Pa's place was about seven miles southeast of Ketchum, Oklahoma across Grand River.

We traded in Ketchum, it being the closest town of any size. I was usually appointed to accompany Ma every three or four months when she would go to town for a load of supplies. We would harness up old Jude and Kate, our gentlest team of mules, and hook them to the wagon for the trip.

We always left about daylight and forded Grand River about a mile below our place at what was then known as Brown's Ford. But, as I recall, in times of high water we would go a mile farther down the river to where a fellow by the name of McLain operated a ferry. I believe he charged fifty cents a round trip for a team and wagon.

There being only two stores in Ketchum at that time (Stuart & Sloan's General Merchandise, and Charley Kohe's Store), Ma would trade some at both places. When she was done with her trading and visiting, we would drive the wagon around, load on the supplies, and head for home usually getting there about nightfall.

Those days just about every boy had a dog of his own. And, if your dog happened to be a good scrapper as well as a good hunting dog, that was a lot of points in your favor. My younger brother, Raymond, had a white mongrel

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we called Snow that was a top-notch dog in every respect, except that he loved hen eggs and would try every trick in the book to get at a nest. Seeing as how extra eggs meant a little extra spending money, or no spending money, an egg-sucking dog just didn't rate very high in anybody's book.

Our home place fronted on an old section-line dirt road that ran on east from our place and dead-ended at William H. Hernley's place. Old Bill, as we called him, was a bachelor and he had a lot of hens and chickens as well as a lot of livestock. I'm sure Old Bill was well aware of the fact that Snow was raiding his hen house every now and then and was just biding his time until he could turn the tables on that egg-stealing mutt.

Raymond and I were at the barn and corrals early one fine spring morning doing the usual chores when we heard quite a racket up towards Old Bill's place. Sounded like somebody was whipping a dog real bad. We went over by the fence where we could see up the road and we could see something coming at a dead run down the road toward us. After it got closer, we could see it was Snow.

Just as he came by us we yelled at him but he didn't look right or left, he just kept pouring it on and letting out about four yips everytime he hit the ground. A race horse couldn't have caught him, but we took off after him and we must have chased him about three hours before we could lay a hand on him.

When we started back to the house with Raymond carrying Snow, all of a sudden he asks me, "What's that I smell?" We stood there a minute and he leaned his head over and smelled of Snow's back and said, "That smell is on this dog."

Well, we stood there mulling the situation over for a while and pretty soon it dawned on us that the smell was gasoline. The only place we had ever smelled gasoline was around Old Bill Hernley's Model T Ford. Seeing as how he had the only car in that part of the country, he had to be the culprit back of our dog's difficulties. We knew he must have mixed up some kind of concoction with gasoline and poured it on our dog's back.

NOW THAT we had decided Old Bill's guilt, all we had to do was decide his fate. By the time we got to the house we had come up with the idea of lying in wait between our places and ambush him when he came by. We'd stop his meanness to dogs once and for all. After giving it considerable thought, we soon discarded that idea because we knew Old Bill (as well as most every other adult in that neck of the woods) carried a pistol in his hip pocket all the time. And seeing as how all we had in the way of fire power was a .30-30 carbine I had whittled out of a piece of pine board, and all Raymond had was a .45 pistol whittled out of the same board, there was just no way we could get Old Bill before he got us, and we would have to think of something else.

We knew Pa kept a supply of Hi-Life on hand that he used to keep the weevils out of dry beans, corn, and so on. He would take one of those small cans, loosen the lid a mite, and set it in the bottom of a big sack of beans and it would sure keep the bugs out. Also, we had observed him using this Hi-Life for a different purpose a few times. In the spring when the grass came, he would always turn all the cattle out on the open range except for the milk cows. There would always be two or three old cows that would just hang around the outside of the fence and bawl to be let back in.

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We had seen Pa take a can of Hi-Life, slip up close to the cows, and pour a little down their back, and in about two minutes the results were amazing. All they needed was running room because they would sure git yonder in a hurry! I never saw one of them come back "for seconds."

We knew Old Bill kept King, his prize bull, and a big stallion he called Prince, in a special corral by the section-line road. They seemed to hit it off pretty good together. Well, one day we saw Old Bill go by in his Model T heading for town so we dashed home and swiped a can of Hi-Life from Pa's supply, then cut through the woods and came out at the corral where his prize bull was standing in the shade right by the fence, lazily swishing at flies and giving us the mean eye. That old boy was so fat and lazy I think it would have taken a spirit or a mighty good-looking heifer to have got him in the notion of moving at all.

Raymond and I figgered to correct that situation real sudden like. We took the lid off that can of Hi-Life and, starting between his horns, by the time we got to his tail we had emptied the whole can on that royal back. Well, in less than it takes to tell it, that old bull gave off some body movements and rump wiggles that would have put a hula dancer to shame! The first thing to cross his line of vision that he figgered might be causing a lot of his discomfort, was that big bay stallion standing about forty feet away.

Lowering his head, and with an earth-shaking bellow, he made for that stallion like a runaway locomotive. He took him around that corral two or three times before old Prince, evidently deciding he needed a lot more room, made match sticks out of one section of that corral as he went through heading for the tall timber with that old bull in hot pursuit.

Meantime, Raymond and I were covering just as much territory, headed in the opposite direction, wanting to get some place fast and start thinking up a mighty good alibi pertaining to where we was and where we wasn't.

Well, maybe we would have made out all right if my dumb brother hadn't dropped that empty Hi-Life can right by the corral, and there was our bare foot prints coming and going across the dirt road for all to see.

So, after Pa and Bill Hernley had their little talk session, Raymond and yours truly had to sit down mighty gingerly for the next several days. But, as we told old Snow a few days afterward, we believed the end results were justifiable in that we had got our revenge on that two-legged varmint that was so mean to an egg-loving pooch. I honestly believe that old dog smiled just a little.

"Coyote Bill" Banty

(Continued from page 43)

identified at last as Alfred J. Metzener, had not been incriminated and was released. May questioned Metzener who quickly denied he had had any part in the murder of Breckenridge and agreed to lead May, Sheriff Corey of Rexburg, and Deputy Bob Oley of Idaho Falls to the last camp he and Banty occupied prior to their arrest. May was convinced Banty would not have risked returning to the camp after his escape, and this

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being the case, might have abandoned at least one of the revolvers used in the slaying.

Luke May and the others were to experience second thoughts about checking for the fugitive when, in the vicinity of Banty's camp, they realized they were sitting ducks if the trapper was present. Fortunately, Banty was not there.

However, May's hunch proved to be valid when he found two revolvers — one a .38. He later test-fired the weapon, matching marks on the slugs with those from Breckenridge's body. He found that it was indeed one of the guns that killed the foreman of the Irrigation District. The gun then was taken to Salmon where Loren Wilderman's father dismantled the piece to show Detective May a spring from a curling iron he had used to repair it. The younger Wilderman agreed to testify that he had given the gun to Banty and Metzener.

Confronted with this evidence, Metzener confessed to his part in the crime. He told May that Banty had initially fired two shots into Breckenridge and then had insisted that he also shoot the man. The youth pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, and on November 25, 1916 he was sentenced to serve from twenty to twenty-five years in the state penitentiary. The sentence was commuted for good behavior, and he was released on August 28, 1920.

Metzener was asked where he thought Banty might have fled. He said the trapper had often talked about going to Canada. Information concerning Banty was passed along to the Mounties, but they never apprehended the fugitive . Reports continued to come to May, however, that Banty had been seen in the North Country.

In January, 1980, I was discussing another matter with Ed Asp of Dease Lake, British Columbia while in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, when he happened to glance at a photo I had of Banty. "That's Bill Elder," Asp said. "He ran a couple of packstrings in the Cassiar and died there in the forties."

Since I knew Charles Benson, a fellow who had lived in that country also, I showed him the photo and he affirmed Asp's identification. "That's Bill, all right," Benson said. "I not only saw him but visited his camp near Hazelton. It was in the late twenties. Elder was driving a string of horses to Telegraph Creek. He was the only wrangler I ever met who lived in a teepee. That's why I never forgot him."

I am confident that the puzzle of Banty's fate has now been solved — sixty-five years after his disappearance.

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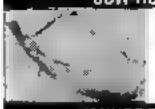

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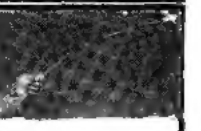

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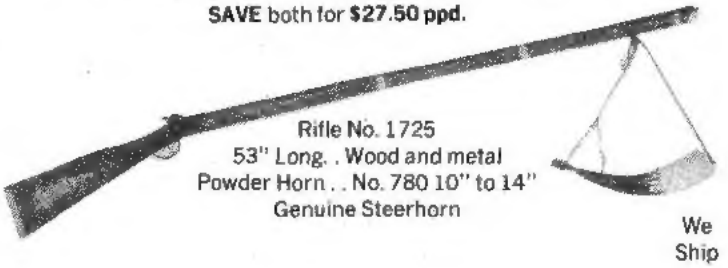

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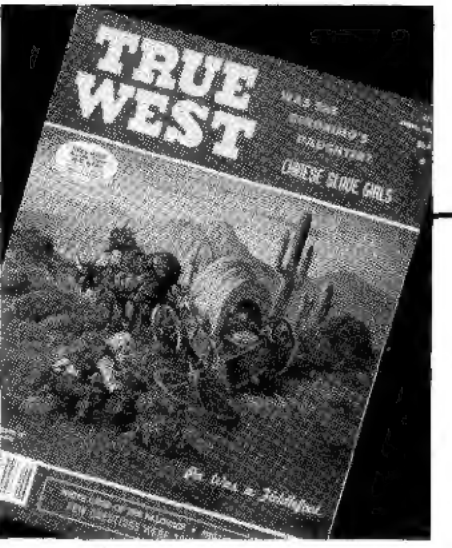

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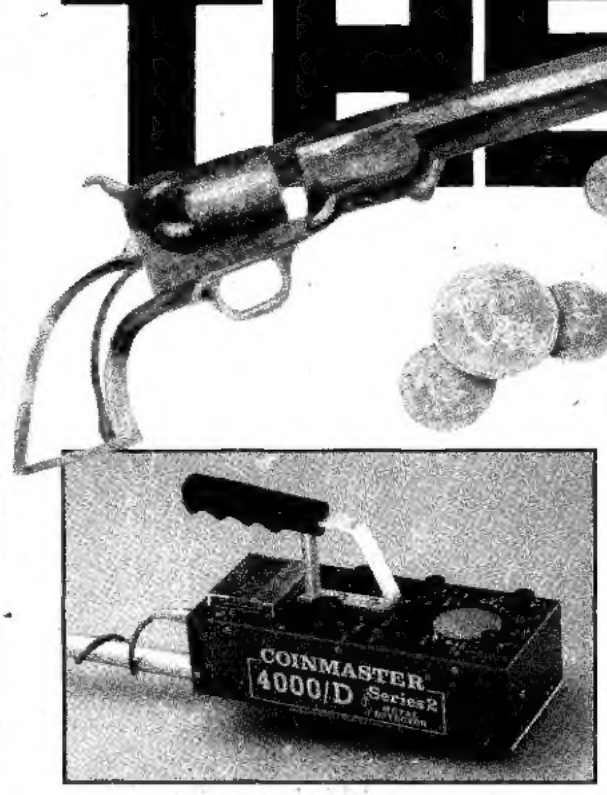

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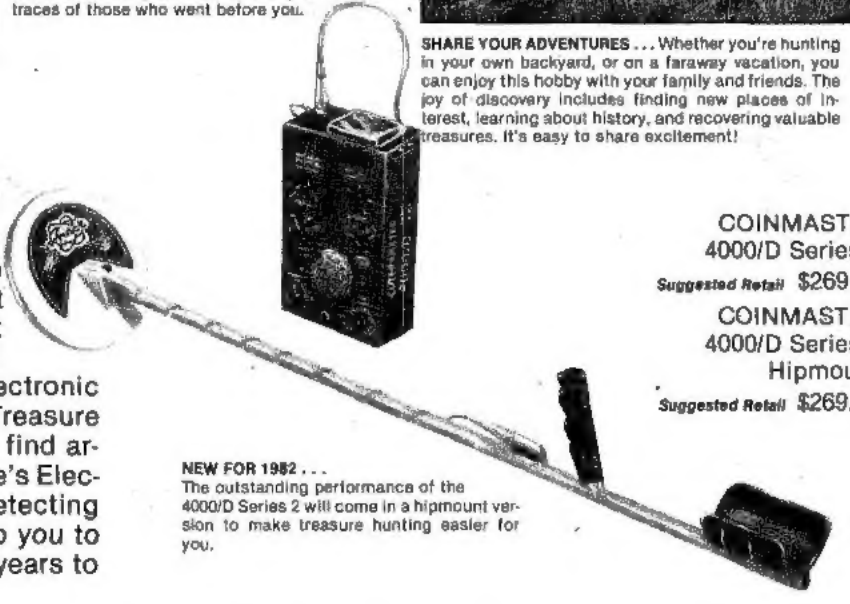

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